

THE

# STRAND MAGAZINE

*An Illustrated Monthly*

EDITED BY

GEO. NEWNES

Vol. II.

JULY TO DECEMBER



London:

BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND

1891





"A SELECT COMMITTEE."

*(After the picture in the Royal Academy by H. Stacy Marks, R.A.)*

## Illustrated Interviews.

No. II.—HENRY STACY MARKS, R.A.



From a Photo. by]

THE STUDIO.

[Messrs. Elliott & Fry.

**M**R. MARKS lives in one of the quietest corners of St. John's Wood, his house being in Hamilton-terrace—a place of abode which goes a long way to substantiate the maxim not to put trust in outward appearances. The exterior bears a positively solemn aspect, and in the winter, when all the bright green leaves have disappeared, must be even funereal. But what a transformation when you have once passed through the door! True, there is nothing that I am inclined to call extravagantly artistic. It is the home of a man who wants to work. There is not a room in the place that is not characteristic of the man who uses it. The studios are sensible painters' workshops. The drawing-room suggests excellent company and merry entertainment, while the dining-room has a distinctly family air about it. Mr. Marks has not obtained his present position—and who

does not know him as the most brilliant painter of bird life we have?—without many a struggle. Probably his own kind disposition to listen to the young aspirant seeking after glories with brush and palette has been wrought out of his own early troubles.

Mr. Marks has been referred to as the light comedian of the brush. He says himself that if he had not been an artist he would have been an actor. If you saw him holding forth in the studio occasionally, or heard him rattling off a good song, or telling an anecdote with all the point and crispness of experience, you would at once admit that the stage has lost a good man. However, our feathered friends have found a faithful chronicler of every feather they possess, from the tufts on their head to the tips of their tails. Mr. Marks has promised me to unburden himself of his past life. He has got a diary upstairs, and a little account-book with the most curious little

sketches one could possibly imagine—little sketches which have been made by the R.A. in embryo.

"You must not notice the carpet," said Mr. Marks. "I told my wife that she ought to see that something smarter was put down this morning, because I was afraid that it was a lady who was coming to see me. However, come along."

"What is that? Oh, I have all those arranged near the door. They are my diplomas. You see the Royal Academy one is signed by the Queen. There is another there from Melbourne; another there signed by Leighton. You see, when the tradespeople catch sight of those things, when the door is open, it inspires their confidence. Not a bad idea, is it?"

Mr. Marks' weakness for birds is everywhere visible. He has painted storks over the opening of the letter-box; birds of beautiful plumage on the door-plates; and birds worthy of being honoured by a better position in all kinds of out-of-the-way places; some of them almost hidden from view.

The first room I looked into was a dressing-room—remarkable for its washstand. It is most curiously made, with fish painted at the back of it on fluted glass, which gives the idea that they are swimming about in water. The bowl is made of copper, and would hold several gallons of water; while in order to match, the ewer is shaped like a huge spirit measure, similar to those used for measuring spirits. Here Mr. Marks comes every night for half an hour and reads before going to bed. His boys' bedroom is near; partly fitted up as a workshop, with a lathe and other things, for all his children have hobbies. Just outside this room is a little black frame containing six very realistic sketches by

Mr. Marks done at an early age. Even then he had a weakness for birds—a weakness which was to become his very strength. Three of them were done as far

back as fifty-four years ago, and portray various representatives of the feathered creation; while the other three are the bear pit at the Zoo, with Bruin at the top of his ragged pole being fed by a keeper, to the great delight of the children gathered around; Mr. Pickwick on the ice—which the young artist was conscientious enough to add was "After Phiz"; and a representation of a certain gentleman generally associated with the Fifth of November.

Passing downstairs again and walking along the entrance hall in the direction of his dining-room, I noticed arranged along the walls reproductions in black and white of various pictures which have helped to make him famous. Here is "The Ornithologist"; here again that charming little work representing an old man with tape and skull in hand, taking a measurement of it, and called "Science is Measurement." This latter he painted when he was made R.A., it being customary on such occasions to present a picture to the Academy worth not less than £100. Here again is a study of his mother's head, and in close proximity a capital work entitled, "An Episcopal Visitation," which may be familiar to many.

The dining-room is a sort of family portrait gallery. Over the chiffonier is a portrait of Mr. Marks himself—probably the best one—painted by Oules. Also a pretty little picture of his eldest daughter when she was ten years old, painted by Calderon; and another—a highly prized one—by the same artist, showing Mr. Marks in the blouse he wore in Paris when he was studying with Calderon in the gay city. In the window of the dining-room is an elegant aviary containing some delightful specimens of Java sparrows frisking about in company with bull-



MR. MARKS AT 21.

*After the Painting by P. H. Calderon, R.A.*

finches and canaries. Russ, the dog, named after Ruskin, is running about; and the smallest of monkeys, a marmozet, nicknamed Jack, is extra frisky this morn-

ing, and has just climbed up the lace curtains at the windows. Nothing will satisfy Jack until the artist has allowed him to perch for a few moments on his shoulder and put one of his arms around his neck.

In the morning-room are many artistic treasures. The furniture is all black, relieved with red, and there are some fine Chippendale chairs and an old Dutch cabinet; while in front of the fender is a huge Chinese umbrella, on which Mr. Marks has painted number of great black fishes, apparently swimming round and round. The piano, too, is a curiosity, being beautifully painted by the artist to represent the orchestra of the Muses. The pictures here are exceedingly interesting. Here is a study of the back of Mr. Marks' head, done by his drawing-master in 1856. Here, too, is the only thing which the artist has ever had the luck to win in a raffle. It was in 1865, at which time a number of artists in St. John's Wood had formed themselves into a little society known as "The Gridiron," for the purpose of criticising one another's pictures. The little sketch—a pictorial skit—hits off very happily the members of the Gridiron Society. Mr. Fred Walker is taking a walk on a cliff, surrounded by numbers of ghosts. Mr. Yeames, who had just got married, is shown with a wedding ring in his hand. Mr. J. E. Hodson, eminent for his Elizabethan pictures, is shown with a huge ruff around his neck; and Mr. Marks is with his old friend, Mr. Calderon, floating

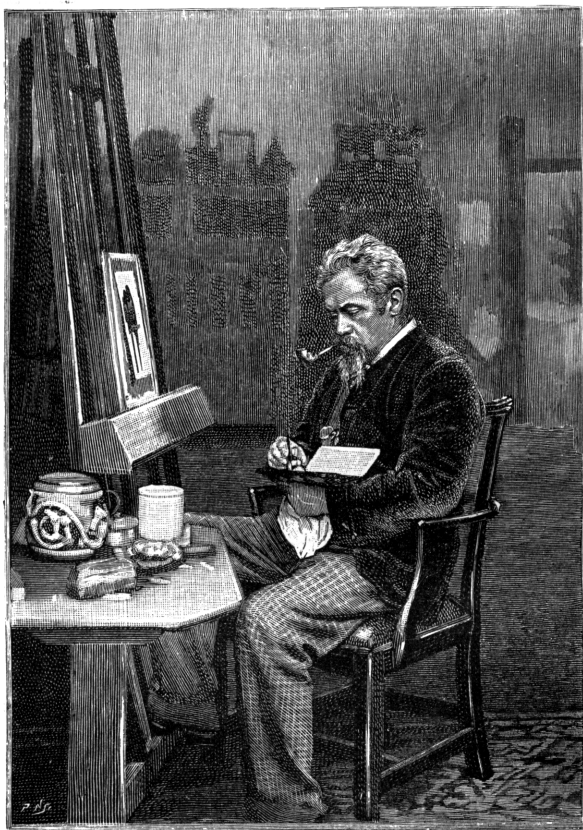
along together, each with a gridiron on his breast. The picture is signed "F. W., Torquay Asylum, 1865." It was raffled for at Mr. Walker's house, and Mr. Marks won the treasure.

There is just time to peep into the drawing-room, which is a very artistic apartment. It opens out on to the garden, and the walls are painted a delicate sage green, with a pale warm blue dado. Water-colours are plentiful, and some exquisite Chippendale furniture adds to the beauty of the room.

What strikes me as the curiosity of the room is a map worked on silk, showing the Eastern World and Africa, marked "Negroland." The artist frankly declared that he picked it up for five shillings in Wardour-street, though he believes it to be a hundred years old.

We are now in the principal studio—a fine, square, spacious room with three entrances. A bust of the artist by Ingram is over the mantel-board, while around the walls on great shelves are arranged many an artistic "prop," which has from time to time figured in his pictures—

among them an old drum of a hundred years ago; lanterns, goblets, and many other things. On the mantel-shelf is a perpetual calendar, on the back of which is written, "This is a copy of one that belonged to Charles Kean." Here also is his wardrobe, contained within a fine bit of furniture of massive oak, which Mr. Marks was fortunate enough to pick up for three guineas whilst going his rounds in search of curios. The various drawers



From a Photo. by

AT WORK.

[Messrs. Elliott & Fry.]

of criticising one another's pictures. The little sketch—a pictorial skit—hits off very happily the members of the Gridiron Society. Mr. Fred Walker is taking a walk on a cliff, surrounded by numbers of ghosts. Mr. Yeames, who had just got married, is shown with a wedding ring in his hand. Mr. J. E. Hodson, eminent for his Elizabethan pictures, is shown with a huge ruff around his neck; and Mr. Marks is with his old friend, Mr. Calderon, floating



From a Photo. by]

THE WARDROBE CABINET

[Messrs. Elliott &amp; Fry.

are labelled, "Jingle," "Sheridan," "Footman," "Dr. Johnson," "Robespierre," "Stockings," "Collars," "Shirts," &c. There are also a number of stilettos and daggers, and an old umbrella, all huddled together. A ten-and-sixpenny old Dutch clock is in a corner, worth many pounds now, for the case has been decorated by Mr. Marks with many artistic designs. Stuffed birds, too, are hanging about. Here is one which Mr. Marks takes from a little case. It is a specimen sent to him by Mr. Fred Barnard—a little sparrow, labelled "A Common Gutter-percher." Mr. Marks has also a fine collection of old watches; and amongst his curios a brass tobacco-box, on putting a penny into which it opens, and you can take a pipe-full of the weed. It is similar to one which has written on it—

"A halfpenny drop into the till;  
Turn the handle, you may fill;  
When you have filled, without delay  
Shut down the lid, or sixpence pay."

Not the least highly prized curio which the artist possesses is one stamped "J. R. to H. S. M., 1880." It is a little carving of a heron in opal intended for a breast-pin, given to him by Mr. Ruskin. Mr. Marks had it fitted up and placed in a little silver casket. He has also one of the tiniest paint boxes in existence. There were only three made. One is in the possession of the Princess Louise; another

is owned by Mr. Arthur Severn, R.I., who made them; and the third is this of Mr. Marks. It is in the shape of a charm for a watch-chain, but, on opening it, it is found to contain all the necessary colours in miniature for painting a picture.

"Now sit down," said Mr. Marks, taking out a huge cherry-wood pipe, and commencing to light up. "Oh, yes, I am a big smoker, and generally enjoy the weed all the morning during painting. I have got quite a small collection of pipes. Now I will give you a few extracts from my diary."

While he is turning to the page I note down a little picture of himself.

He wears a brown velvet jacket; his hair is growing grey; he is stoutly built, full of energy, has a keen appreciation for a joke, and his eyes have ever a merry twinkle in them.

"Now are you ready?" said he. "Well, my father had a large carriage repository. It was on the site of the Langham Bazaar. He early set me my first lessons in drawing. You see, we needed to have a number of heraldic signs for the doors of the coaches. He would sketch these in a book, and give them to me to copy. I fear, however, I did not copy many in the book that he gave me. There's the book; just glance over it."

I did so, and found that he had copied a boar's head and a stag's head; a crown, and unicorn, and a lion; but the boar had a ring through the nose, which distinctly differed from his father's copy above. There were others which showed that the youthful artist had indulged his original fancy, for in turning over the pages I came across ships, fish, elephants, a dead donkey being carried home, a horse of somewhat lively temperament kicking out at its master, who had fallen from its back, with the suggestive words underneath, "Woe! woe!" Even at that early date Mr. Marks had given a rough sketch of the building where he was afterwards to study, and which is labelled, "Academy." There was also "John Gilpin on his ride to Edmonton," and a very



fanciful idea of Sinbad the Sailor. The sea is shown, with Sinbad's vessel above, floating on the water ; while down below two or three men are walking about engaged in pushing a tremendously big whale five times the size of the vessel above. "Jim Crow's Palace" is a very neat little drawing. One of the Knights of France, with the word "Brave" scratched out, is a sketch of a man with small moustache and a single small eyeball. Altogether, the book contains something like three hundred pencil sketches.

"Not bad, are they?" continued Mr. Marks. "Well, let me give you a few notes of my career. My mother was a great help to me in every way. She helped me to go to an evening school, to Leigh's Evening School of Art, although my father encouraged me very little. I remained there some time, going to the school before breakfast and again in the evening, filling up my time by making occasional diagrams for lectures and copying a picture now and again. In June, 1850, I was a rejected probationer at the Royal Academy. I was then twenty-one.\* My father offered to allow me fifty guineas to start on my own account, but somehow I did not get them. In the fall of the year I got into the Royal Academy School, and my father allowed me three days a week to draw. I worked and worked away with all my heart, and determined to succeed in the position that I had chosen. I am afraid my father did not think much of my artistic capabilities, for he got me a position as check-taker to a panorama of the Ganges, painted by Dibdin, and exhibited in Regent-street. Dibdin is now over eighty years of age, and has lost his sight. It was not very hard work—four hours a day—for which I was to receive thirty shillings per week. The engagement, however proved a failure, for it ended in a week and I never got my wages.

"On the 30th January, 1852, at seven o'clock in the morning, I bade my mother good-bye, and Calderon and I started from London Bridge, bound for Paris.

It was a bitterly cold morning ; the wind was enough to cut you in two. At Paris we got a room together ; slept, worked, ate, drank, and thought together. After six months we found our money had gone, so we returned to England. Then I found that my father had gone to Australia, so I joined the School of Art again. Then my first bit of luck came. At the end of the year I finished a single figure of 'Dogberry Examining Conrade and Borachio.' This was accepted at the Academy in 1853. I have a very pretty story to tell you about this. I had made up my mind that after all my mother had done for me she should have the money that I realised for my first picture. I had an offer of £10 for my picture, but I wanted £25. My customer was willing to go as far as £15. I almost hesitated then, but I wanted the money, so I agreed to take it. I went off to Mr. Christie, stockbroker, of Copthall-chambers, drew the cheque, and got it cashed. He took me to lunch with him, afterwards to the Victoria Theatre, and then to supper at a well-known house. On reaching home that night I did not hesitate what to do. Although I could



FIRST EARNINGS.

\* Portraits of Mr. Marks at different ages appeared in our last number.

have managed with the money very well, I slipped quietly into a room where I knew my mother would come; and, taking the fifteen golden sovereigns out of my pocket, I laid them on the edge of the table in such a position that when she entered the room she could not fail to see them. I never enjoyed a sale so much.

"I got married in 1856 on the strength of my picture, 'Toothache in the Middle Ages,' which, I suppose, was the first one which brought me into anything like notoriety. It was bought by Mr. Mudie, the librarian, who died recently, and who was a good friend to me. Landseer noticed this picture. I have a very funny anecdote to tell you about this. While I was painting this work in a small room, there was a dentist living a few doors off, who had outside his shop a head which used to open and shut and show teeth and no teeth. Well, I received a letter purporting to come from him, saying that he had heard that I was painting a picture which he thought was an exceedingly witty idea ;

he wanted it, and would pay for it. But I should have to paint a companion picture to it, entitled, 'No Toothache since M. Andrew Fresco has lived in Modern Times.' He would sit as the model. This letter was dated April 1. I replied that I was exceedingly flattered by his kind offer, but before sending in the picture, as it was nearly finished, I should like him to call and see it. To this I got a reply containing the simple words: 'M. Andrew Fresco knows nothing at all about the matter.' The whole thing was the hoax of a young cousin of mine, and, since he perpetrated it, I will give his name to the world. It was Dr. D. Buchanan.

"In 1859 I was doing a good bit of work on wood blocks, and also stained glass. It was in this year that I sold a picture for

150 guineas, 'Dogberry's Charge to the Watch'; I also decorated a church at Halifax. In 1860 Mr. Mudie took me and another artist for a trip up the Rhine. What I then saw of the glorious scenery settled my mind altogether. I would give up all the other odd work I was doing, and devote my whole time to painting; nothing but starvation should stop it. That same year I painted a monk carving a model, which was accepted in 1861, and that

marked an epoch in my life. This was a commission from Col. Akroyd, and I asked 300 guineas. He said: Send it to the Academy, and he would be there at the private view and see what it was like. He was there, but it was bought during the first hour, previous to his arrival, for 300 guineas, by Mr. Agnew. With that money I opened an account at the London and Westminster Bank, Bloomsbury, and I have kept it there to this date.

"I was elected A.R.A. in 1871. I think that was principally owing to the painting of my picture, 'St. Francis Preaching to the

Birds.' I got £450 for that work; it was accepted in 1870. Exactly ten years before I had asked Mr. Knight, the secretary, to put down my name; so that I had waited ten years. On December 19, 1878, I was elected a full-blown R.A. in place of Sir Francis Grant, and I was the first Royal Academician made under the presidency of Sir Frederic Leighton. I have only been absent from the walls of the Royal Academy two years since 1853.

"I must tell you a little anecdote about my 'St. Francis.' It was sold some time afterwards for £1,155. I used to borrow from an old gentleman a number of stuffed birds. Soon after the sale he came to me, and I said to him, 'I want some bird skins, if you have got any.' And he said, 'Yes, I can let you have some. How many do you



SKETCH OF DOGBERRY EXAMINING CONRADE AND BORACHIO.  
(Made specially for this article by Mr. Marks.)

want? I suppose you want them for a picture.' I replied, 'Yes, I do.' He said, 'I hope those I sent you for your last picture suited you?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'splendidly. It sold the other day for £1,155.' 'Good gracious!' he said. 'You might have come up to my place, and had the whole lot in my shop for a couple of hundred.'

"I do not know if I have anything more

to say about myself," continued Mr. Marks; "but anything you say about me as to my personal weaknesses must include that I am a great lover of books. I make all my own book-marks, design them myself, and I do a little poetry. Years ago I used to be a Volunteer. There is something interesting about that, perhaps. I joined the Artists in 1862, and I did not leave until I had a son in the corps. On June 7, 1879, there was

an inspection at the Horse Guards, and the remarkable sight was presented, which has probably never been seen before, of an R.A. as a full private in the ranks, and his son as his rear rank man. After that I resigned.

"Models? Oh, yes, I have had some strange things in models—all sorts and conditions of models. There was a model whom we used to call Cumming. He was extraordinarily slight and thin. All my costumes were too long for him; all the pairs of tights I had were 'a world too wide for his shrunk shanks.' I am afraid I chaffed him unmercifully about his spareness. I remember showing him once some of my children's garments, and asking him, 'Do you think that would fit you?' He used to say he had been an officer in a cavalry

regiment; but this assertion, I found out afterwards, had no foundation in fact. One day, when sitting to a friend of mine, he was asked to go out and fetch some beer—not a very uncommon request among struggling artists. This he was nothing loth to do, but quickly accomplished his task, and placing the foaming pot of stout on the table, said, 'Things have come to

a pretty pass when an ex-officer of the 14th Light Dragoons has to fetch his own beer.' But the most unconsciously humorous and characteristic model I ever employed was one Campbell, whom I more than once painted as Dogberry. He had been a shoemaker. Almost the first occasion he came to me he told me the following story:—

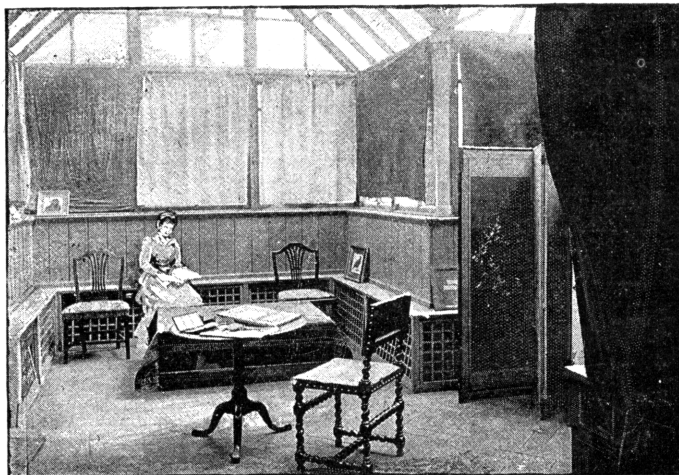
"I took home a picture to the Dook of Wellington one day, and, as I was taking it up in the hall,

he comes by, and says, "Oh, you comes from Messrs. Bennett." "Yes, sir," I says. With that he passes on, and out comes at the front door a man dressed a'll in black, and comes up to me—his butler, I suppose. He says, "Do you know who you were a talking to just now?" "Yes, sir," I says, "Arthur Wellesley, better known as Dook of Wellington." "Then, why don't you say 'Your Grace' to him?" "Grace?" says I; "why should I say grace for? there's no meat here. Where's the viands? Why, I said sir to him—a common title of respect between man and man." "Well," says he, "you are a rum sort of customer, you are. What do you call the Duke?" "What do I call him?" I says; "a wholesale carcase butcher! Look at his career. He begins by going to France



ORIGINAL STUDY OF HEAD OF DOGBERRY.  
(Reduced fac-simile.)





From a Photo. by]

THE SMALL STUDIO.

Messrs. Elliott &amp; Fry.

I am more than a match for that desperate don.

Let him come, if he likes, I will never deceive him.

If he tries to get near, we will warmly receive him.

Let him talk as he likes; for his boasting who cares?

'Ere he gives us the skins, he must slaughter the bears.'

"A good many models are addicted to drink, and, after sitting a while, will suddenly go to sleep. Then I have had what I call the 'super' model. You know the sort of man; he goes in for theatrical effect; always has an expression of 'Ha! ha! more blood I see wanted,' and that sort of thing."

to learn the art of war, and then he goes to India and kills thousands of natives who were only defending their own country, and at last turns his arms against the country where he first learned the art of war, and murders thousands more. A wholesale carcase butcher; that's what I call him."

"This man was a great poet, too," continued Mr. Marks. "Sometimes when I was giving him a little rest, he would say, 'Would you like a little verse or two, sir?' I often used to humour him, and he would recite some really good verses. Here is a specimen:—

'To grin at our snug little island of fame,

The despot of France when to Calais he came,

His glass from his pocket beginning to draw,

Was struck with amaze when old England he saw.

Britannia she sat on the white rocks herself,

But she needed no spy-glass to look at that elf.

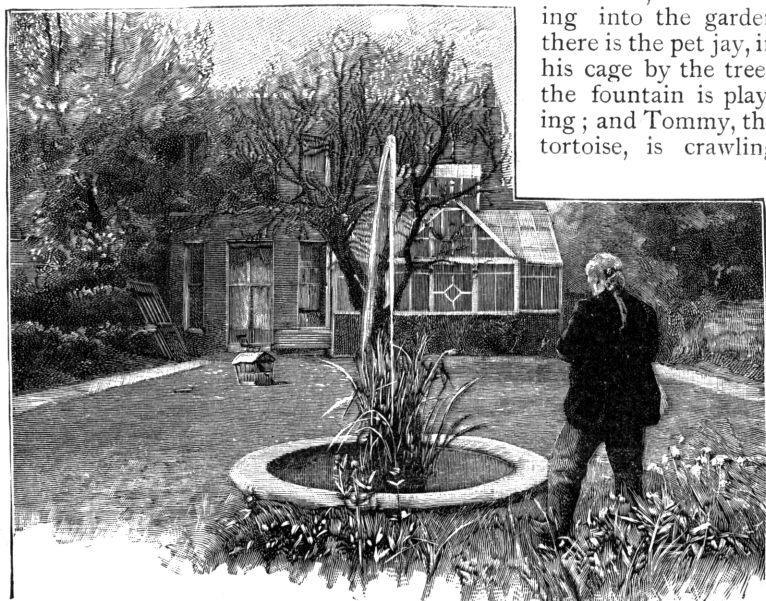
"I wonder," she said, "what that simpleton's doing."

Replied Liberty, "Sister, he's plotting your ruin."

"Is he so?" said Britannia; "then let him plot on,

on his hat, and we pass through a smaller studio and glass-house, the former containing a very curious cabinet, which he painted some years ago, depicting a nursery tale, "Sing a Song of Sixpence"; and there is the king counting out his money, and the blackbird descending and pecking off the maid's nose, the Queen eating honey, the pie open before the King with the twenty-four blackbirds. This goes round the four sides of the cabinet, which is used for brushes, colours,

varnishes, &c. Passing into the garden there is the pet jay, in his cage by the tree; the fountain is playing; and Tommy, the tortoise, is crawling



From a Photo. by]

IN THE GARDEN.

[Messrs. Elliott &amp; Fry.



A merry Mynah bird am I,  
No parrot ever known can vie  
With me for speech distinct & clear,  
\*Twill do you good my cough to hear,  
And as for whistling—that of boys  
Compared with mine, is odious  
noise.

THE MYNAH.

(Drawn specially for this article by Mr. Marks.)

quietly round the banks of a small lake in which gold fish are sporting themselves. In our illustration Jack, the marmozet, is to be seen sunning himself upon his master's shoulder.

We are now on our way to the Zoo, as Mr. Marks has promised to spend the remainder of the afternoon with me at a spot where he probably knows every bird in the place, and where many of them know him. As soon as we arrived there the artist took me into one of the houses where is a beautiful mynah, from Northern India. It seems that this bird has been here since 1883. Some time ago the keeper had a bad cough, and found that the bird imitated him. This gave him the idea of teaching it to talk; it will now say almost anything. A good story is told of an old gentleman who went up to the bird, and, quite innocently, said, "What a pretty bird!" "I should think I was," it replied. "Ha, ha!" laughed the old man. "Ha, ha!" laughed the bird in response, and there were the two laughing at one another for quite five minutes. This bird has been painted twice by Mr. Marks, to whom we are indebted for the accompanying sketch and verses.

Then Mr. Marks proceeded to point out his favourites; the vultures just getting their summer plumage, the cockatoos and parrots; and he showed me nearly all the parrots that had posed as models for his great picture in this year's Royal Academy, the "Select Committee," and which we re-

produce with his permission as the frontispiece of this number. The chairman of the committee, by a long way the most important looking bird, has a beautiful blue plumage; and the artist spent some two or three months painting it. Then the military macaw, so called because of its tuft, is there, and at the word of command will bite his leg, and if you get too near will pull off your cap. Inside the parrot house is a glorious clock-bird, with its tail like a pendulum; the blue-eyed cockatoo which is in the picture, and the little green parrakeet which says, "Pretty Poll! steady!" Then here is a big grey parrot, the best talker of all, but who was so crushed by the continual noise of the others that she never speaks now.

The two cockatoos in white are familiar friends of the artist. Mr. Marks kneels



IN THE ZOO.

down for a moment, and pretends to draw, and one of the cockatoos comes down and looks over his paper. Whatever part of the cage he goes to, they will follow him round. The eagles are just the same. When we reached the eagle cages the tawny eagle was attracted by the drawing-paper and pencil Mr. Marks carried, and came down to watch. One day the artist put his water bottle too near the cage, and the bird came down and knocked it over.

Then Mr. Marks sees a little ground penguin from New Zealand, which has not been there long. It is hard to get him away from this, but he departs at last, saying, "I must come again and make a sketch of him."

"Yes," said Mr. Marks, "I love the Zoo and the inhabitants thereof; some of my happiest hours have been spent here. I feel at home with the birds, and I am led to believe they feel at home with me. Sketching in the Zoo is very difficult. You start here at nine in the morning, and you can sketch up to eleven quite free from visitors. Then, I can tell you, I *do* have to pass through something. All the people

get round and watch you. For some time past I have tried to assume the character of the testy old gentleman, but it has been a failure. I had one man ask me once whether I hypnotised the birds; and a very inquisitive little girl who had bothered me for some days once approached me and asked, 'Do they always keep still?' That inquisitive little girl, I am afraid, was rather crushed when I turned to her and said, 'Do *you* always keep still?'"

Just then we got to the gates, and I was bidding good-bye to Mr. Marks, when he said, "I had a very nasty knock given me one morning in the Zoo. I must not mention in which house it was, as the old keeper is there still. I had been sketching there one Saturday, and was just packing up my various things thinking of going, when he turned to me, and said, 'You are not going to wait to do any more then, sir?' I said, 'No, I am going to town this afternoon, just for a little trip, you know!' 'Oh, yes, sir, of course. I have heard as most tradespeople like to take their half-holiday on Saturday.'"

HARRY HOW.



MR. MARKS' BOOKPLATE.

## Quarantine Island.

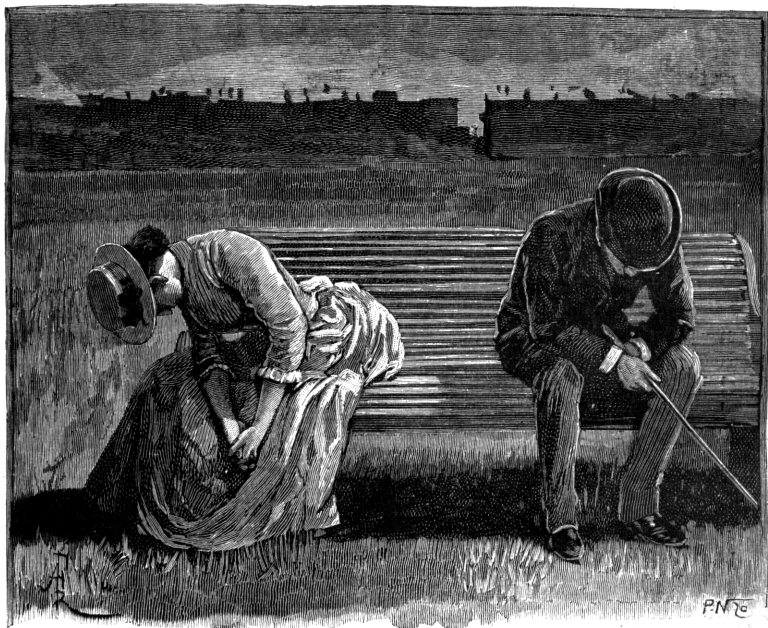
BY WALTER BESANT.

I.

**N**O," he cried, passionately. "You drew me on: you led me to believe that you cared for me: you encouraged me. What? Can a girl go on as you have done without meaning anything? Does a girl allow a man to press her hand—to keep her hand—without meaning anything? Unless these things mean nothing, you are the most heartless girl in the whole world; yes—I say the coldest, the most treacherous, the most heartless!" It was evening, and moonlight, a soft and delicious night in September. The waves lapped gently at their feet, the warm breeze played upon their faces, the moon shone upon them—an evening wholly unfit for such a royal rage, as this young gentleman—two and twenty is still young—exhibited. He

She sat on one of the seaside benches, her hands clasped, her head bent. He went on—he recalled the day when first they met, he reminded her of the many, many ways in which she had led him on to believe that she cared for him, he accused her of making him love her in order to laugh at him. When he could find nothing more to say he flung himself upon the bench, but on the other end of it, and crossed his arms, and dropped his head upon them. So that there were two on the bench: one at either end, and both with their heads dropped—a pretty picture, in the moonlight, of a lovers' quarrel. But this was worse than a lovers' quarrel. It was the end of everything, for the girl was engaged to another man.

She rose. If he had been looking up he would have seen that there were tears in her eyes, and on her cheek.



A LOVERS' QUARREL.

walked about on the parade, which was deserted, except for this solitary pair, gesticulating, waving his arms, mad with the madness of wounded love.

"Mr. Fernie," she stammered, timidly, "I suppose there is nothing more to say. I am, no doubt, all that you have called me. I am heartless. I have led you on. Well

—but I did not know—how could I tell that you were taking things so seriously? How can you be so angry just because I can't marry you? One girl is no better than another. There are plenty of girls in the world. I thought you liked me, and, I— but what is the use of talking? I am heartless and cold. I am treacherous, and vain, and cruel, and—and—won't you shake hands with me once more, Claude, before we part?"

"No, I will never shake hands with you again; never—never. By Heavens! nothing that could happen now would ever make me shake hands with you again. I hate you, I loathe you, I shudder at the sight of you, I could not forgive you—never. You have ruined my life. Shake hands with you! Who but a heartless and worthless woman could propose such a thing?"

She shivered and shook at his wild words. She could not, as she said, understand the vehemence of the passion that held the man. He was more than half mad, and she was only half sorry. Forgive the girl.\* She was only seventeen, just fresh from her governess. She was quite innocent and ignorant. She knew nothing about the reality and the vehemence of passion; she thought that they had been very happy together. Claude, to be sure, was ridiculously fond of taking her hand; once he kissed her head to show the depth of his friendship; he was such a good companion; they had had such a pleasant time; it was a dreadful pity that he should be so angry. Besides, it was not as if she liked the other man, who was old and horrid.

"Good-bye, then, Claude," she said. "Perhaps, when we meet again, you will be more ready to forgive me. Oh!" she laughed, "it is so silly that a man like you, a great, strong, clever, handsome man, should be so foolish over a girl. Besides, you ought to know that a girl can't have things her own way always. Good-bye, Claude, won't you shake hands?" She laid her hand upon his shoulder; just touched it; turned—and fled.

## II.

SHE had not far to go. The villa where she lived was within five minutes' walk. She ran in and found her mother alone in the drawing-room.

"My dear," the mother said irritably, "I wish to goodness you wouldn't run out after dinner. Where have you been?"

"Only into the garden, and to look at the sea."

"There's Sir William in the dining-room still."

"Let him stay there, mother dear. He'll drink up all the wine and go to sleep, perhaps, and then we shall be rid of him."

"Go in, Florence, and bring him out. It isn't good for him, at his age, to drink so much."

"Let the servants go," the girl replied, rebellious.

"My dear—your own accepted lover. Have you no right feeling? Oh! Florence, and when I am so ill, and you know—I told you——"

"A woman should not marry her grandfather. I've had more than enough of him to-day already. You made me promise to marry him. Until I do marry him he may amuse himself. As soon as we are married, I shall fill up all the decanters, and keep them full, and encourage him to drink as much as ever he possibly can."

"My dear, are you mad?"

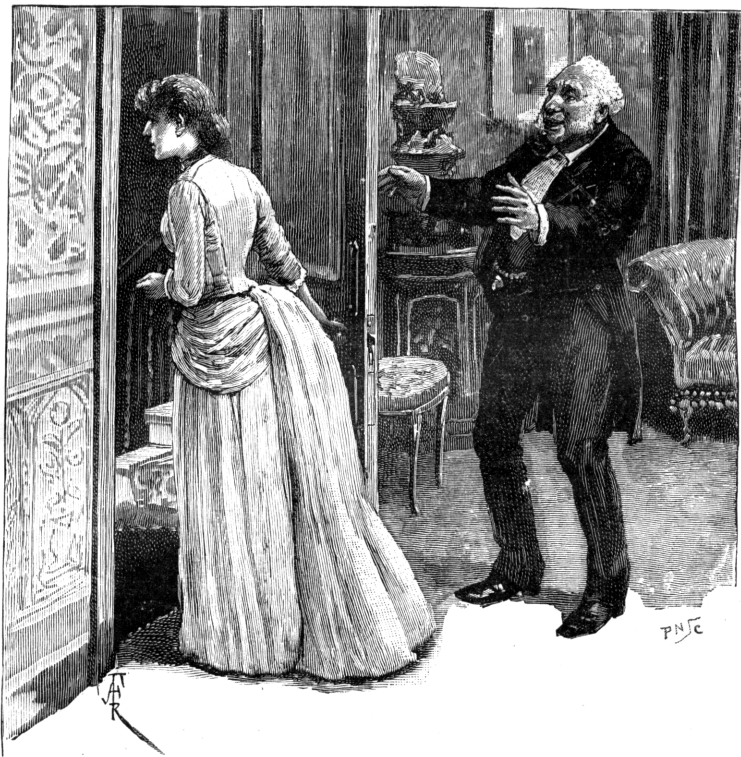
"Oh! no; I believe I have only just come to my senses. Mad? No. I have been mad. Now, when it is too late, I am sane. When it is too late—when I have just understood what I have done."

"Nonsense, child! What do you mean by being too late? Besides, you are doing what every girl does. You have accepted the hand of an old man who can give you a fine position, and a great income, and every kind of luxury. What more can the girl desire? When I die—you know already—there will be nothing—nothing at all for you. Marriage is your only chance."

At this moment the door opened, and Sir William himself appeared. He was not, although a man so rich and therefore so desirable, quite a nice old man to look at; not quite such an old man as a girl would fall in love with at first sight; but, perhaps, under the surface there lay unsuspected virtues by the dozen. He was short and fat; his hair was white; his face was red; he had great white eyebrows; he had thick lips; his eyes rolled unsteadily, and his shoulders lurched; he had taken more wine than is good for a man of seventy.

He held out both hands and lurched forwards. "Florenshe," he said, thickly, "let's sit down together somewhere. Letsh talk, my dear."

The girl slipped from the proffered hands and fled from the room.



"WHATSH MATTER WITH THE GIRL?" SAID SIR WILLIAM."

"Whatsh matter with the girl?" said Sir William.

### III.

OUT at sea—all by itself—somewhere about thirty miles from a certain good-sized island in a certain ocean, there lies another little island—an eyot—a mile long and half a mile broad. It is a coral islet. The coral reef stretches out all round it, except in one or two places where the rock shelves suddenly, making it possible for a ship to anchor there. The islet is flat, but all round it runs a kind of natural sea wall, about ten feet high and as many broad; behind it, on the side which the wall protects from the wind, is a little grove of low, stunted trees, the name of which the successive tenants of the island have never been curious to ascertain. The area protected by the sea wall, as low as the sea level, was covered all over with long, rank grass. At the north end of the islet a curious round rock, exactly like a martello tower, but rather higher, rose out of the water, separated from the sea wall by twenty or thirty feet of deep water, dark blue, trans-

parent; sometimes rolling and rushing and tearing at the sides of the rock, sometimes gently lifting the sea-weed that clung to the sides. Round the top of the rock flew, screaming, all the year round, the sea birds. Far away on the horizon, like a blue cloud, one could see land; it was the larger island to which this place belonged. At the south end was a lighthouse, built just like all lighthouses, with low, white buildings at its foot, and a flagstaff, and an enclosure, which was a feeble attempt at a flower garden. Half a mile from the lighthouse, where the sea wall broadened into a wide level space, there was a wooden house of four rooms—dining-room, *salon*, and two bedrooms. It was a low house, provided with a verandah on either side. The windows had no glass in them, but thick shutters in case of hurricanes. There were doors to the rooms, but they were never shut. Nothing was shut, or locked up, or protected. On the inner, or land, side there was a garden in which roses—a small red rose—grew in quantities, and a few English flowers. The Elephant Creeper, with its immense leaves, clambered up the



verandah poles and over the roof. There was a small plot of ground planted with pine apples, and a solitary banana tree stood under the protection of the house, its leaves blown to shreds, its head bowed down.

Beyond the garden was a collection of three or four huts, where lived the Indian servants and their families.

The residents of this retreat—this secluded earthly paradise—were these Indian servants with their wives and children; the three lighthouse men, who messed together; and the captain, governor, or commander-in-chief, who lived in the house all by himself, because he had no wife or family.

Now the remarkable thing about this Island is that, although it is so far from any other inhabited place, and although it is so small, the human occupants number many thousands. With the exception of the people above-named, these thousands want nothing: neither the light of the day nor the warmth of the sun; neither food nor drink. They lie side by side under the rank grass, without headstones or even graves to mark their place; without a register or record of their departure; without even coffins! There they lie—sailors, soldiers, coolies, negroes—forgotten and lost, as much as if they had never been born. And if their work lives after them, nobody knows what that work is. They belong to the vast army of the Anonymous. Poor Anonymous! They do all the work. They grow our corn and breed our sheep; they make and mend for us; they build up our lives for us. We never know them, nor thank them, nor think of them. All over the world, they work for their far-off brethren; and when one dies, we know not, because another takes his place. And at the last a mound of green grass, or even nothing but an undistinguished strip of ground!

Here lay, side by side, the Anonymous—thousands of them. Did I say they were forgotten? Not quite; they are remembered by the Indian women who live there. At sunset they and their children retreat to their huts, and stay in them till sunrise next morning. They dare not so much as look outside the door, because the place is crowded with white, shivering, sheeted ghosts! Speak to one of these women: she will point out to you, trembling, one—two—half a dozen ghosts. It is true that the dull eye of the Englishman can see nothing. She sees them—distinguishes them one from the other. She can see

them every night; yet she can never overcome her terror. The Governor, or Captain, or Commander-in-Chief, for his part, sees nothing. He sleeps in his house quite alone, with his cat and his dog, windows and doors wide open, and has no fear of any ghosts. If he felt any fear, of course, he would be surrounded and pestered to death every night with multitudes of ghosts. But he fears nothing. He is a doctor, you see; and no doctor ever yet was afraid of ghosts.

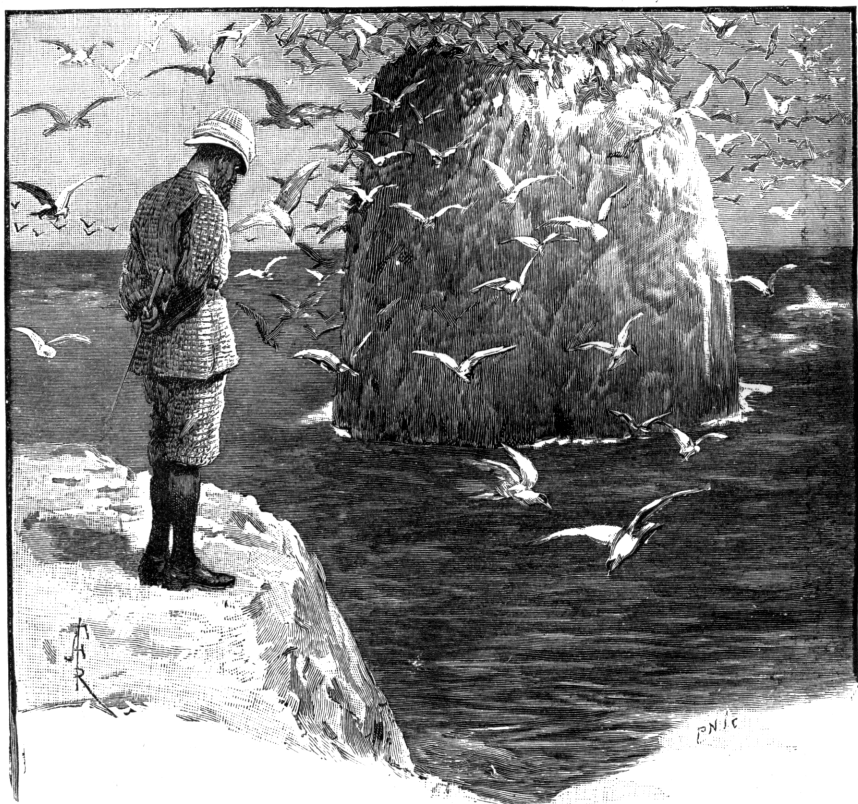
How did they come here—this regiment of dead men? In several ways. Cholera accounts for most; yellow fever for some; other fevers for some; but for most cholera has been the destroyer. Because, you see, this is Quarantine Island. If a ship has cholera or any other infectious disease on board, it cannot touch at the island close by, which is a great place for trade, and has every year a quantity of ships calling; the infected ship has to betake herself to Quarantine Island, where her people are landed, and where they stay until she has a clear bill; and that, sometimes, is not until the greater part of her people have changed their berths on board for permanent lodgings ashore. Now you understand. The place is a great cemetery. It lies under the hot sun of the tropics. The sky is always blue; the sun is always hot. It is girdled by the sea. It is always silent, for the Indian children do not laugh or shout, and the Indian women are too much awed by the presence of the dead to wrangle—always silent, save for the crying of the sea-birds on the rock. There are no letters, no newspapers, no friends, no duties—none, save when a ship puts in, and then, for the doctor, farewell rest, farewell sleep, until the bill of health is clean. Once a fortnight or so, if the weather permits, and if the communications are open—that is, if there is no ship there—a boat arrives from the big island with rations, and letters, and supplies. Sometimes a visitor comes, but not often, because, should an infected ship put in, he would have to stay as long as the ship. A quiet, peaceful, monotonous life for one who is weary of the world, or for a hermit; and as good as the top of a pillar for silence and for meditation.

#### IV.

THE islet lay all night long in much the same silence which lapped and wrapped it all the day. The water washed musically upon the shore: the light in the lighthouse

flashed at intervals—there was no other sign of life. Towards six o'clock in the morning the dark east grew grey ; thin, long, white rays shot out across the sky, and then the light began to spread. Before the grey turned to pink, or the pink to crimson ; before there was any corresponding glow in the western sky, the man who occupied the bungalow turned out of bed, and came forth to the verandah clad in the silk pyjamas and silk jacket, which formed the evening, or dress suit, in which he slept. The increasing light showed that he was a young man still, perhaps about thirty—a young man with a strong and resolute face, and a square forehead. He stood under the verandah watching, as he had done every day for two years and more, the break of day and

and came out again clad in a rough suit of tweeds and a helmet. His servant was waiting for him with his morning tea. He drank it, and sallied forth. By this time the shortlived splendour of the East was fast broadening to right and left, until it stretched from pole to pole. Suddenly the sun leaped up, and the colours fled and the splendour vanished. The sky became all over a deep, clear blue, and round and about the sun was a brightness which no eye but that of the sea bird can face and live. The man in the helmet turned to the seashore, and walked briskly along the sea wall. Now and then he stepped down upon the white coral sand, picked up a shell, looked at it, and threw it away. When he came to the Sea Birds' Rock he sat down,



"SEA BIRDS' ROCK."

the sunrise. He drank in the delicious breeze, cooled by a thousand miles and more of ocean. No one knows the freshness and sweetness of the air until he has so stood in the open and watched the dawn of a day in the tropics. He went back to the house

and watched it. In the deep water below sea snakes, red and purple and green, were playing about ; great blue fish rolled lazily round and round the rock ; in the recesses lurked unseen the great conger eel, which dreads nothing but the Thing of long and



horny tentacles, the ourite or squid, the humorous tazar which bites the bathers in shallow waters all for fun and mischief, and with no desire at all to eat their flesh; and a thousand curious creatures, which this man, who had trained his eyes by days and days of watching, came here every day to look at. While he stood there the sea birds took no manner of notice of him, flying close about him, lighting on the shore close at his feet. They were intelligent enough to know that he was only dangerous with a gun in his hand. Presently he got up, and continued his walk. Allround the sea wall of the island measures three miles. He took this walk every morning and every evening in the early cool and the late. The rest of the time he spent indoors.

When he got back it was past seven, and the day was growing hot. He took his towels, went down to the shore, to a place where the coral reef receded, leaving a channel out to the open. The channel swarmed with sharks, but he bathed there every morning, keeping in the shallow water while the creatures watched him from the depths beyond with longing eyes. He wore a pair of slippers, on account of the *láf*, which is a very pretty little fish indeed to look at, but he lurks in dark places near the shore, and he is too lazy to get out of the way, and if you put your foot near him, he sticks out his dorsal fin, which is prickly and poisoned, and when a man gets that into the sole of his foot, he goes home and cuts his leg off, and has to pretend that he lost it in action. But the *láf* only chuckles.

When he had bathed, the Doctor went back to his house, and performed some simple additions to his toilette. That is to say, he washed the salt water out of his hair and beard—not much else. As to collars, neckties, braces, waistcoats, black coats, rings, or any such gewgaws, they were not wanted on this island. Nor are watches and clocks; the residents go by the sun. The doctor got up at daybreak, and took his walk, as you have seen, and his bath. He was then ready for his breakfast, and for a solid meal, in which fresh fish, newly caught that morning, and curried chicken, with claret and water, formed the principal part. A cup of coffee came after, with a cigar and a book on the verandah. By this time the sun was high, and the glare of forenoon had succeeded the coolness of the dawn. After the cigar the doctor went indoors. The room was furnished with a few pictures, a large book-

case full of books, chiefly medical, a table covered with papers, and two or three chairs. No curtains, carpets, or blinds; the doors and windows wide open to the verandah on both sides.

He sat down and began writing—perhaps he was writing a novel. I think no one would think of a more secluded place for writing a novel. Perhaps he was doing something scientific. He continued writing till past midday. When he felt hungry he went into the dining-room, took a biscuit or two and a glass of vermouth. Then, because it was now the hour for repose, and because the air outside was hot, and the sea breeze had dropped to a dead calm, and the sun was like a red-hot glaring furnace over head, the Doctor kicked off his boots, and threw off his coat, lay down on a grass mat under the mosquito curtain, and instantly fell fast asleep. About five o'clock he awoke, and got up; the heat of the day was over; he took a long draught of cold tea, which is the most refreshing and the coolest drink in the world. The sun was now getting low, and the air was growing cool. He put on his helmet, and set off again to walk round his domain. This done, he bathed again. Then he went home as the sun sank, and night fell instantly without the intervention of twilight. They served him dinner, which was like his breakfast, but for the addition of some cutlets. He took his coffee, he took a pipe—two pipes, slowly, with a book—he took a whisky and soda—and he went to bed. I have said that he had no watch—it hung idly on a nail—therefore he knew not the time, but it would very likely be about half-past nine. However that might be, he was the last person up in this ghostly Island of the Anonymous Dead.

This doctor, Captain-General and Commandant of Quarantine Island, was none other than the young man who began this history with a row royal and a kingly rage. You think, perhaps, that he had turned hermit in the bitterness of his wrath, and for the faults of one simple girl had resolved on the life of a solitary. Nothing of the kind. He was an army doctor, and he left the service in order to take this very eligible appointment, where one lived free, and could spend nothing except a little for claret. He proposed to stay there for a few years in order to make a little money, by means of which he might become a specialist. This was his ambition. As for that love business, seven years past, he had clean forgotten it, girl and all. Perhaps there had been other

tender passages. Shall a man, wasting in despair, die because a girl throws him over? Never! Let him straightway forget her. Let him tackle his work, let him put off the business of love—which can always wait—until he can approach it once more in the proper spirit of illusion, and once more fall to worshipping an angel.

## V.

NEITHER nature nor civilisation ever designed a man's life to be spent in monotony. Most of us have to work for our daily bread, which is always an episode, and sometimes a pretty dismal episode, to break and mark the day. One day there came such a break in the monotonous round of the Doctor's life. It came in the shape of a ship. She was a large steamer, and she steamed slowly.

It was early in the morning, before breakfast. The Doctor and one of the lighthouse men stood on the landing-place watching her.

"She's in quarantine, Doctor, sure as sure," said the man. "I wonder what's she's got. Fever, for choice. Cholera, more likely. Well, we take our chance."

"She's been in bad weather," said the Doctor, looking at her through his glass. "Look, she's lost her mizen, and her bows are stove in. I wonder what's the meaning of it. She's a transport." She drew nearer. "Troops! Well, I'd rather have soldiers than coolies."

She was a transport. She was full of soldiers, time-expired men and invalids going home. She was bound from Calcutta to Portsmouth. She had met with a cyclone; driven out of her course and battered, she was making for the nearest port, when cholera broke out on board.

Before nightfall the island was dotted with white tents; a hospital was rigged up with the help of the ship's spars and canvas. The men were all ashore, and the Quarantine Doctor with the ship's doctor was hard at work among the cases, and the men were dropping in every direction.

Among the passengers were a dozen ladies and some children. The Doctor gave up his house to

them, and retired to a tent, or to the lighthouse, or anywhere to sleep. Much sleep could not be expected for some time to come. He saw the boat land with the ladies on board; he took off his hat as they walked past. There were old ladies, middle-aged ladies, young ladies. Well, there always is this combination. Then he went on with his work. But he had a curious sensation, as if something of the past had been revived in his mind. It is, however, not an uncommon feeling. And one of the ladies changed colour when she saw him.

Then began the struggle for life. No more monotony in Quarantine Island. Right and left, all day long, the men fell one after the other; day after day more men fell, more men died. The two doctors quickly organised their staff. The ship's officers became clinical clerks, some of the ladies became nurses. And the men, the rough soldiers, sat about in their tents with pale faces, expecting. Of those ladies who worked



"SHE WAS AT WORK DAY AND NIGHT."

there was one—a nurse—who never seemed weary, never wanted rest, never asked for relief. She was at work all day and all night in the hospital; if she went out it was only to cheer up the men outside. The doctor was but conscious of her work and of her presence, he never spoke to her; when he came to the hospital another nurse received him; if he passed her she seemed always to turn away. At a less troubled time he would have observed this. At times he felt again that odd sensation of a recovered past, but he regarded it not—he had other things to consider. There is no time more terrible for the courage of the stoutest man than a time of cholera on board ship or in a little place whence there is no escape; no time worse for a physician than one when his science is mocked and his skill avails nothing. Day after day the doctor fought from morning till night and far on to the morning again; day after day new graves were dug; day after day the chaplain read over the new-made graves the service of the dead for the gallant lads who thus died, in glorious, for their country.

There came a time, at last, when the conqueror seemed tired of conquest. He ceased to strike. The fury of the disease spent itself; the cases happened singly, one or two a day, instead of ten or twenty; the sick began to recover, they began to look about them. The single cases ceased; the pestilence was stayed; and they sat down to count the cost. There had been on board the transport three hundred and seventy-five men, thirty-two officers, half a dozen ladies, a few children, and the ship's crew. Twelve officers, two of the ladies, and a hundred men had perished when the plague abated.

"One of your nurses is ill, Doctor."

"Not cholera, I do hope."

"No, I believe a kind of collapse. She is at the bungalow. I told them I would send you over."

"I will go at once."

He left a few directions and walked over to the house. It was, he found, the nurse who had been of all the most useful and the most active. She was now lying hot and feverish, her mind wandering, inclined to ramble in her talk. He laid his hand upon her temples; he felt her pulse, he looked upon her face; the odd feeling of something familiar struck him again. "I don't think it is very much," he said. "A little fever. She may have been in the sun; she has been working too hard;

her strength has given way." He still held her wrist.

"Claude," murmured the sick girl, "you are very cruel. I didn't know—and a girl cannot always have her own way."

Then he recognised her.

"Good Heavens!" he cried, "it is Florence!"

"Not always have her own way," she repeated. "If I could have my own way, do you think I would——?"

"Florence," he said again, "and I did not even recognise her. Strange!"

Another of the ladies, the Colonel's wife, was standing beside him.

"You know her, Doctor?"

"I knew her a long time ago—some years ago—before she married."

"Married? Florence is not married. You must be thinking of someone else."

"No. This is Florence Vernon, is it not? Yes. Then she was formerly engaged to marry a certain Sir William Dupont."

"Oh! I believe there was some talk about an old man who wanted to marry her. But she wouldn't have him. It was just before her mother died. Did you know her mother?"

"I knew her mother a little when they were living at Eastbourne. So she refused the old man, did she? and has remained unmarried. Curious! I had almost forgotten her. The sight of her brings back the old days. Well, after she has pulled so gallantly through the cholera, we cannot have her beaten by a little fever. Refused the old man, did she?"

In the dead of night he sat watching by the bedside, the Colonel's wife with him.

"I had almost forgotten," whispered the lady, "that story of the old baronet. She told me about it once. Her mother was ill and anxious about her daughter, because she had next to nothing, except an annuity. The old man offered; he was an unpleasant old man; but there was a fine house and everything; it was all arranged. The girl was quite a child, and understood nothing. She was to be sold, in fact, to this old person, who ought to have been thinking of his latter end, instead of a pretty girl. Then the mother died suddenly, and the girl broke it off. She was a clever girl, and she has been teaching. For the last three years she has been in India, now she is going home under my charge. She is a brave girl, Doctor, and a good girl. She has received half a dozen offers, but she

has refused them all. So I think there must be somebody at home.

"Claude," murmured the girl, wandering, "I never thought you would care so much. If I had thought so, I would not have encouraged you. Indeed, indeed, I would not. I thought we were only amusing ourselves."

"Claude is a pretty name. What is your own Christian name, Doctor?" asked the Colonel's wife, curiously.

"It is—in fact—it is—Claude," he replied blushing; but there was not enough light to see his blushes.

"Dear me!" said the Colonel's wife.

## VI.

A FEW days later the patient, able to sit for a while in the shade of the verandah, was lying in a long cane chair. Beside her sat the Colonel's wife, who had nursed her through the attack. She was reading aloud to her. Suddenly she stopped. "Here comes the doctor," she said, "and, Florence,

a pretty room to look at. In the twilight the fragile figure, pale, thin, dressed in white, would have lent interest even to a stranger. To the doctor I suppose it was only a "case." He pushed the blinds aside and stepped in, strong, big, masterful. "You are much better," he said; "you will very soon be able to walk about. Only be careful for a few days. It was lucky that the attack came when it did, and not a little earlier, when we were in the thick of the trouble. Well, you won't want me much longer, I believe."

"No, thank you," she murmured, without raising her eyes.

"I have had no opportunity," he said, standing over her, "of explaining that I really did not know who you were, Miss Vernon. Somehow, I didn't see your face, or I was thinking of other things; I suppose you had forgotten me; anyhow, it was not until the other day, when I was called in, that I remembered. But I dare say you have forgotten me."



"DEAR ME! SAID THE COLONEL'S WIFE."

my dear, his name, you know, is Claude. I think you have got something to talk about with Claude besides the symptoms." With these words she laughed, nodded her head, and ran into the *salon*.

The verandah, with its green blinds of cane hanging down, and its matting on the floor, and its easy-chairs and tables, made

"No; I have not forgotten."

"I thought that long ago you had become Lady Duport."

"No, that did not take place."

"I hear that you have been teaching since your mother's death. Do you like it?"

"Yes, I like it."

"Do you remember the last time we met—on the seashore—do you remember, Florence?" His voice softened suddenly. "We had a quarrel about that old villain—do you remember?"

"I thought you had forgotten such a little thing as that long ago, and the girl you quarrelled with."

"The point is rather whether you remember. That is of much more importance."

"I remember that you swore that you would never forgive a worthless girl who had ruined your life. Did I ruin your life, Dr. Fernie?"

He laughed. He could not honestly say that she had. In fact, his life, so far as concerned his work, had gone on much about the same. But, then, such a man does not allow love to interfere with his career.

"And then you went and threw over the old man. Florence, why didn't you tell me that you were going to do that? You might have told me."

She shook her head. "Until you fell into such a rage, and called me such dreadful names, I did not understand."

"Why didn't you tell me, Florence?" he repeated.

She shook her head again.

"You were only a little innocent, ignorant child then," he said; "of course you could not understand. I was an ass and a brute and a fool not to know."

"You said you would never forgive me. You said you would never shake hands with me again."

He held out his hand. "Since," he said, "you are not going to marry the old man, and since you are not engaged to anybody else, why—then—in that case—the old state of things is still going on—and—and—Florence—but if you give me your hand, I shall keep it, mind."

"Dear me," said the Colonel's wife, standing in the doorway. "Do Quarantine Doctors always kiss their patients? But you told me, Doctor dear, that your Christian name was Claude. Didn't you? That explains everything."

The ship, with those of her company whom the plague had spared, presently steamed away, and, after being repaired, made her way to Portsmouth Dockyard. But one of her company stayed behind, and now is Queen or Empress of the Island of which her husband is King, Captain, Commandant, and Governor-General, and resident Quarantine Doctor.



## Cats.

By J. MACLAREN COBBAN.



O a splendid volume published recently in Paris, entitled "Dogs and Cats," with many fine illustrations by Eugene Lambert, Alexander Dumas (the younger) contributed a delightful introduction. In that he casually remarks as follows:—

"Yes, I love cats. How many times has it been said to me, 'What! You love cats?'"

"Yes!"

"You do not love dogs better?"

"No! I love cats better!"

"It is extraordinary!"

That sets forth with dramatic simplicity the wonder with which most people hear expressed a fondness for cats. It is not that most people dislike cats; that can scarcely be, for it is estimated that the household cat outnumbered the household dog in London alone in something like the proportion of four to one; but that they are indifferent to them, or can't be bothered with them: and the reason of that, no doubt, is very much because the cat does not lay itself out to win attention and affection as the dog does. The nature of the dog is open and simple; he is demonstrative, obsequious, and fawning, while the nature of the cat is secret and complex: he (or she) is quiet, independent, and reserved. It is easy to gain the affection of a dog, and difficult to lose it; he will even lick the hand that beats him, and grovel to the human brute that spitefully uses him. On the other hand, it is difficult to win the affection of a cat, and easy to lose it; the cat avoids the hand that beats it, and becomes shy, solitary, and terrified under ill-usage. It is not necessary to depreciate the dog and his admirable qualities in order to show that it is unfair to object to the cat because he is not as the dog. "The dog is frank, friendly, and faithful," say the exclusive lovers of the dog. Very well; we admit it. "The cat is sly, wild, thievish, and treacherous," continue the dog-lovers. That we deny; and one purpose of this paper is to show that those who will take the trouble to care for the cat and to understand it, will find it to be none of the things it is accused of being,

and will, moreover, discover that there is a charm about it which is all its own.

And, first of all, it is necessary to point out that there are cats and cats. The common, ownerless cats of the farm and the country, of the back-garden and the tiles of town, the persecuted poacher, and the perturber of our midnight hours, no better represents the well-bred puss or *bashit* of the hearthrug than the pariah cur of Eastern cities represents the domestic dog. There are breeds of cats as there are of dogs. Many of these breeds are as beautiful and valuable in their way as the finest breeds of dogs. But those who take to cat-fancying must remember that—as in any animal-fancying—beauty and intelligence can only become markedly developed by taking pains. If you expect a cat to be a fine animal, you must treat it with care and kindness; it must be fed regularly and sufficiently, and it must not be shut out of nights. There is a popular opinion, which is hard to kill, that the common domestic cat, at least, is an inveterate night-prowler—that he prefers being out of nights. It used to be said, similarly, that the negro liked being a slave. If the average cat has





for generations been turned out of doors at bedtime—if it has been admitted within doors at all—his wakefulness at night must necessarily have become an inherited habit. But let him be kindly treated, and regularly and properly fed, and he will soon abandon his nocturnal wandering. He may desire to take a constitutional after supper, but he will return to go to bed respectfully if he be not persistently excluded. Cats, however, have individuality, and even in this small matter there are some curious and perverse exceptions. I have a fine tabby who has a sentimental passion for being out of doors on a moonlight night. He has no disposition for concerts or flirta-



"GAZES UPON THE MOON."

tions; he merely sits solitary upon a low parapet, in the shadow of an evergreen, and gazes from the depth of his large, liquid eyes upon the moon. And the Rev. Harry Jones (in his "Holiday Papers") tells of a cat of his whom he named "Sir Samuel Baker," because of his incorrigible fondness for miscellaneous travel and adventure by night as well as by day. "Sir Samuel" one day—his master then had a living in the East-end of London—returned from the war-path in a grievous plight, with two holes in his pate. He had, it appeared, been stoned by rough boys and left for dead. His reverend master received him kindly, and, to revive his sinking life, gave him a "stiff glass" of brandy and water, and plugged

up the holes and bandaged the wounds, till his head looked as big as a cocoanut. Scarcely was this assuagement of his woes accomplished when "Sir Samuel" set off "on the loose" again, and remained from home for ten days. At the end of that time, to the astonishment and admiration of all, he returned with his bandages complete, and his wounds healed!

Until recent years the cat in this country was valued generally—when he was cared for at all—merely as a creature supplied by Providence for the destruction of rats and mice, and even of cockroaches. But in the ancient world, and notably in Egypt (whence, it is said, the domestic cat originally came), the cat was much regarded for its beauty, and its serene and sphinx-like quiet. It entered into various religious and mythological symbols in both Egypt and Rome. This lofty and worshipful regard of the cat in the ancient world sank gradually to the merely utilitarian view which was mostly in vogue in the modern world, until the wider diffusion of kindness towards all animals, and the more intelligent appreciation of their natures, raised the cat again, not in superstitious esteem, but in fond consideration as a household pet. There would seem to be a common notion that the more a cat is petted and cared for, the less useful it becomes as a hunter of mice and such "small deer." No notion could have less foundation in fact. Indeed, the truth rather is that the better fed a cat is, the better is he (or she) as a mouser. Careful observation goes to show that the cat's native inclination is to hunt the mouse or the rat, not for food, but for "sport," and a cat that is well cared for is more likely to be successful as a sportsman



"SIR SAMUEL."

than a hustled and hungry grimalkin, first, because it is more alert, and second, because it is cleaner; a hungry and unhappy cat does not keep his coat clean, and the keen-nosed mouse can, therefore, easily sniff out his whereabouts. Now and again, however, one hears of a well-fed cat that is fond of eating mice, but he is usually an old fellow—(like the "Mincing-lane cat" of the Rev. J. G. Wood, the naturalist)—who in the course of a long career has acquired a taste for game. Mr. Wood's story is curious, as illustrating, not only the cat's taste, but also the cat's sense—a sense in this instance closely akin to reason. A cunning old black Tom, who had for years been maintained in a set of wine cellars, took into partnership a spry young fellow. There would seem to have been a solemn league and covenant entered into between them. Tom Senior had suffered much in his inexperienced youth from collision with feet and wine cases in the devious passages of the cellar, and he taught Tom Junior the dodges of his maturity by which he avoided them. Moreover, Tom Senior, who had an epicurean taste for mice, and who had through the inactivity of age and the badness of his teeth for some time

Senior sat aloof and looked on while Junior consumed both shares of cat's-meat.

It should be remembered also that not all cats have the instinct for mousing. A cat has been seen to stare in surprise when a mouse has boldly shot from its hole and whisked across her path; many a cat when deprived of her kittens has been known to act as foster-mother to young mice or rats; and not even the pangs of hunger will make a mouser of a cat that has not



"A FOSTER-MOTHER."

inherited the instinct of that form of sport—an instinct that seems to run in families—(like a taste for fox-hunting in human beings) rather than in particular breeds of cats.

The true lover of cats, however, does not keep them or care for them because of their

utility, but because of their beauty or rarity, their companionship or their intelligence. From their earliest days of infancy cats of all varieties are deeply interesting. The young of all animals are engaging, but kittens, when they first start off open-eyed and free-limbed, are especially amusing and delightful. The kitten, by contrast with other infants,

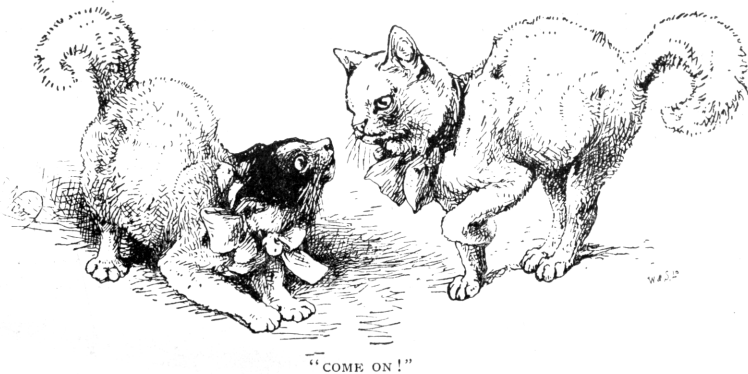


"TOM SENIOR AND TOM JUNIOR."

seldom caught a mouse, clearly made a bargain with Tom Junior:—"If you, who are young and active, will catch mice for me, you shall have all the cat's-meat to yourself." At any rate, it was regularly observed that Junior steadily brought the mice he caught to Senior, who ate them, and that

is so graceful, so daring, so spontaneous, and withal so neat in its movement, that it has quite justly been taken as the perfect type and exemplar of gay, irresponsible, and bewitching childhood. To see a wide-eyed little downy creature dance up sideways on all fours at its fellow-kittens, at a





"COME ON!"

big dog, or even at a solemn human being with the cares of a lifetime on his brow, and invite it (or him) to "come on" and play, is surely one of the most charming visions of careless life and health. The kitten, moreover, needs neither creature nor cork to amuse itself with; its passion for play is so great that it can be amused with absolutely nothing at all. A very observant and sensible school-boy once described (in an essay) this kittenish peculiarity thus:—"A kitten is an animal that is remarkable for rushing like mad at nothing whatever, and generally stopping before it gets there." Some people may think it is foolish and undignified to take pleasure in, and to laugh for a while at, the gambols of a mere kitten, but those who laugh and are unashamed have one or two great names to sustain them in countenance. Cardinal Richelieu, it is said, always kept a number of kittens in his cabinet, and in the intervals of rest from his work he would divert himself by watching their pranks. Another Cardinal and statesman, our own Cardinal Wolsey, was similarly fond of kittens. The poet Southey has somewhere said that no household is complete without a baby rising six months, and a kitten rising six weeks. And it is well known that the graceful and fascinating actress who is as much identified with the Lyceum Theatre as Mr. Henry Irving, is surrounded in her home by a whole tribe of cats and kittens, in whose society she takes much delight.

In entire contrast with the incessant and irresponsible frolicsomeness of the kitten is the staid demeanour and severe intelligence of the full-grown cat. No companionship can be more agreeable or less distracting to a sedentary worker—a writer, a tailor, or a shoemaker—than a handsome, healthy cat. My first cat was one of the most beautiful

of her kind: she was of the variety which the people of Norfolk and of Lancashire used to call "Calimanco." I called her (after one of Balzac's heroines) *La Fille aux yeux d'or*, "the girl with the golden eyes." She would wake me at the proper time in

the morning by rattling at the handle of the door and mewing. She knew the hour of every meal, and would summon me from my study to come and eat. And while I was at work she would sit on the end of my writing-table and watch me, or gaze into the street and consider passing horses, dogs, and butchers' boys. She was especially fond of sitting on a newspaper, or on a new open book—for all the world as if she were a remorseless reviewer—which gave her the appearance of possessing something like literary tastes. Occasionally she would object to my assiduity in composition: she would walk across the table (taking care not to tread on manuscript), gently nibble the stalk of my pen, and rub her cheek against mine. Her favourite seat when she could get it was my leg, on which she would crouch full length with her chin on my knee. If I insisted on removing her from that perch she would sit in offended dignity on the floor, deaf to all the blandishments and endearing terms I might lavish upon her; and if I sought to stroke and caress her under these circumstances she would walk away. She was a born coquette. Though small, she was very beautiful both in shape and in colour, and I think she knew it. At any rate, the males of the neighbourhood knew it, and they would beseech her in the humblest manner to bestow on them a gracious look or mew. I have seen her hold a levee in the garden of ten or a dozen love-lorn swains. She would pass daintily and coquettishly before them, or listlessly sit facing them, looking round as if merely to admire the view. Then, as if weary of it, she would stretch herself and step slowly away with a disdainful wave of her tail, while a plaintive and appealing *waw* was wrung from the tortured heart of one or another of the scorned lovers. If one, under those circumstances, daring all, ventured to



"A LEVEE."

approach her, she would sit up like a squirrel, and with both fore-paws box his ears, while he sat rebuked and ashamed. As she grew older, and had children, she lost something of her beauty, but she ever had a gentle, tender, and courageous heart. She was fond of basking with her kittens on a certain sunny balcony. One day I saw her thus lie, nursing her favourite son, when a poor, draggled, wayfaring puss appeared, and looked on with sympathy and approval. The look plainly said, "What a lovely child you have, madam! Oh, if I might only embrace it!" The proud mother, with a kindly "w-r-r!" encouraged the strange female to approach; and she crept near to lick the kitten. She had, however, no sooner touched him with her tongue, than he sat up and spat at her. The strange cat drew back, humbled with the repulse; but "La Fille" turned and boxed her offspring's ears for his incivility. That same son was white, with large blue eyes; he grew to be a gigantic fellow, and was named "Don Pierrot." Moreover, he had a loud, ringing voice, which was all the louder that, being deaf—like almost all white cats—he never knew the pitch he used. In spite of his size, and his great voice, he had the heart of a mouse—he was a gelding—and fled from the meanest thing that ran upon legs. I have seen him, when dozing in the sun with one eye half-open, start up in horror at the approach of the insect (somewhat like a black-beetle) which children call "coach and horses." The insect paused upon "Don Pierrot's" movement, when the white Don curiously ventured to touch him with a paw. Upon that the insect reared its tail, according to its

habit, and rushed towards him as with head-strong ferocity; "Don Pierrot" withdrew a step in amazement at the little black demon's audacity, and as it continued to advance, he lifted away one foot after the other, till, coming to the conclusion that the little black demon was determined to kill him, possess him, and eat him up, he fled wildly from the spot, and hid himself for the day. He was much persecuted by the tom-cats of the neighbourhood, and by vagrant dogs—all the more painfully persecuted that, because of his deafness, he seldom knew of their approach till they were upon him. But when they were upon him, he raised such a great and bitter cry—which resembled nothing so much as "Mother!"—that his assailant held back, and before there was time for a repetition of the attack, the little "mother" was out, with a tail as big as a fox's, clouting and scratching tom-cat or dog.

I could tell more of "La Fille" and of other cats I have intimately known, but it will be doubtless more agreeable if I tell of notable cats whom others have known, and loved, and praised. Of such none is more remarkable than "Pret," the cat of a lady with whom the Rev. J. G. Wood had a correspondence. "Pret" was of a fine breed. She had been brought when a kitten from France. She had a long tail and a soft chinchilla fur. "Pret's" mistress fell ill of a nervous fever, and "Pret," though little more than a kitten, found her way to the sick-room and refused to leave it. She established herself as head nurse. If the human attendant slackened in her watch "Pret" did not; day or night she knew, to within five minutes, the pro-

per times for physic or nutriment, and if the nurse still slept "Pret" would mew, and, failing to wake her in that way, would give her a gentle bite on the nose. A



"LIFTING THE LATCH."

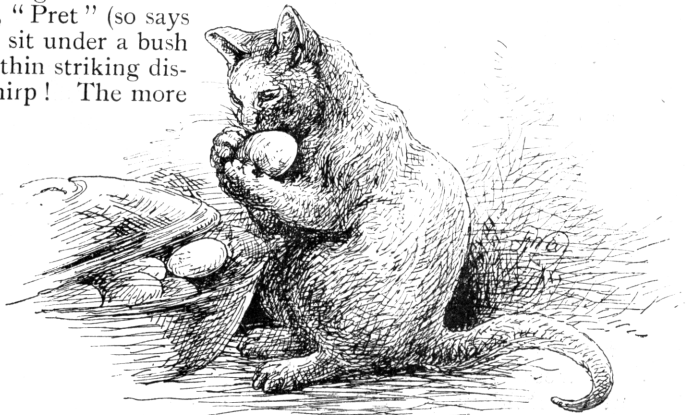
notable point is that there was no striking clock in the house, so that "Pret" could not have been aided so in her remarkable reckoning of time.

"Pret," like many another cat, preferred birds to mice in the way of sport, and of all birds she especially hunted sparrows, being apparently irritated by their incessant chirp. What is well-nigh incredible, however, even to those who have the greatest belief in the intelligence of cats, "Pret" (so says "Pret's" mistress) used to sit under a bush and decoy the sparrows within striking distance by imitating their chirp! The more reasonable explanation is that "Pret" had that eager manner much pronounced which almost all cats have in lying in wait for birds; they twitter or chatter their teeth and emit a little sound which, emphasised, might easily be taken for the chirp of a bird.

There are countless stories of the intelligence and artfulness of the cat, but it is possible here to

recount only one or two of the most remarkable. It must be a very oppressed and stupid cat that cannot lift a latch, where latches can be lifted. But he is a clever cat who, failing the latch, has wit enough to pull the bell. One of the best stories of a cat and a bell is that told concerning a Carthusian monastery in Paris. The monks possessed and petted a fine cat of the Angora breed. This astute animal discovered that, when a certain bell rang, the cook left the kitchen to answer it, leaving the monks' dinners, portioned out in plates, on the kitchen table. Therefore, he devised a plan (it is impossible to avoid saying "devised") by which he could often secure a portion without the cook's knowledge. He rang the bell, the handle of which hung outside the kitchen window, and then, when the cook had disappeared in answer to the summons, he leaped through the window and out again with his stolen food.

It was some time before pussy's trick was discovered, while several innocent persons were suspected of the repeated thefts; and when it was discovered, the monks, instead of punishing him, let him continue his nefarious career and charged visitors a small fee to see the trick performed—a condoning of crime which cannot have improved that cat's morals. Some writers assert that cats of thievish propensity can readily be told by the length of their nose and their fashion of seizing greedily what food is offered them, but there is little to bear that theory out. The most delicate, gently nurtured cats will sometimes steal—cats that would



"A FONDNESS FOR EGGS."

take a morsel from the fingers with the finest politeness. Such a cat I have known, whose one weakness was a fondness for eggs. To get an egg she would adopt various ruses, a common one being to push aside with her paw the lid of the dish in which eggs are kept, lift an egg out with both paws, as a squirrel takes a nut, and drop it on the floor, whence she would lick it at her leisure. The sole prevention against a general inclination to thieve is to give the cat sufficient food.

But of all cat stories I know, the best is one told by Théophile Gautier, who has written concerning cats with an understanding and a feeling unsurpassed. He kept many cats, a chief favourite among which was "Madame Théophile," a "red" cat, with a white breast, a pink nose, and blue eyes. "She slept," says he, "at the foot of my bed; she sat on the arm of my chair while I wrote; she came down into the garden and gravely walked about with me; she was present at all my meals, and frequently intercepted a choice morsel on its way from my plate to my mouth. One day, a friend who was going away for a short time, brought me his parrot to be taken care of during his absence. The bird, finding itself in a strange place,

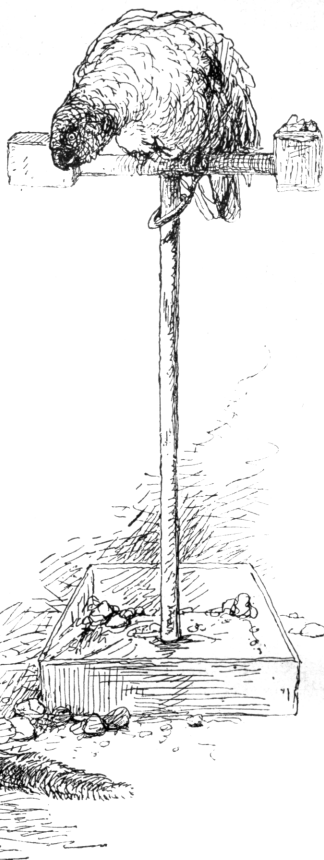
climbed up to the top of its perch by the aid of its beak, and rolled its eyes (as yellow as the nails in my arm-chair) in a rather frightened manner, moving also the white membranes that formed its eyelids. 'Madame Théophile' had never seen a parrot before, and she regarded the creature with manifest surprise. While remaining as motionless as a cat-mummy from Egypt in its swathing-bands, she fixed her eyes upon the bird with a look of profound meditation, summoning up all the notions of natural history that she had picked up in the yard, in the garden, and on the roof. The shadow of her thoughts passed over her changing eyes, and one could plainly

read in them the conclusion to which her scrutiny led:—'Certainly this is a green chicken.' This result attained, the next proceeding of 'Madame Théophile' was to jump off the table from which she had made her observations, and lay herself flat

on the floor in a corner of the room, exactly in the attitude of a panther watching the gazelles as they come down to drink at a lake. The parrot followed the movements of the cat with feverish anxiety; it ruffled its feathers, rattled its chain, lifted one of its feet and shook the claws, and rubbed its beak against the edge of its trough. Instinct told it that the cat was an enemy, and meant mischief. The cat's eyes were now fixed upon the bird with fascinating intensity, and they said in perfectly intelligible language, which the poor parrot distinctly understood:—'This

chicken should be good to eat, although it is green.' We watched the scene with great interest, ready to interfere at need. 'Madame Théophile' was creeping nearer and nearer, almost imperceptibly; her pink nose quivered, her eyes were half closed, her contractile claws moved in and out of their velvet sheaths, slight thrills of pleasure ran along her back-bone at the idea of the meal she was about to make. Such novel and exotic food excited her appetite. In an instant her back took the shape of a bent bow, and with a vigorous and elastic bound she sprang upon the perch.

"The parrot, seeing its danger, said in a



"THIS IS A GREEN CHICKEN."

bass voice, as grave and deep as M. Prudhomme's own :—  
'Have you breakfasted, Jacko?'

"This utterance so terrified the cat that she sprang backwards. The blare of a trumpet, the crash and smash of a pile of plates flung to the ground, a pistol-shot fired off at her ear, could not have frightened her more thoroughly. All her ornithological ideas were overthrown.

"And on what?" continued the parrot. 'On sirloin?'

"Then might we, the spectators, read in the face of Madame Théophile :—  
'This is not a bird ; it is a gentleman : it talks!'

"The cat cast a glance at me which was full of questioning, but, as my response was not satisfactory, she promptly hid herself under the bed, and from that refuge she could not be induced to stir during the whole of the day."

There is no doubt that the cat is, in our day, more petted, and praised, and bred, and *showed* than ever it was before. To describe all the classified breeds and varieties, with



"HAVE YOU BREAKFASTED, JACKO?"

long-haired cats there are the Angora, the Persian, the Russian, and what not; and of short-haired, more than I can here enumerate. Some people prefer a cat the rarer or the more curious it is,—abnormal and exotic varieties, like the Manx cat and the Japanese cat, which are tailless; the Chinese cat, which has lop ears; and the Royal Cat of Siam, which is a singular-looking creature, usually chocolate and white, or dun and white in colour, and very short of fur, especially on the legs

and tail. But the true lover of cats must say of cats as the soldier said of ale, "All kinds are good, though most kinds are better than others."

Enough has been said, I think, to show that the cat is worth attention and cultivation, not only because of its beauty and intelligence, but also for its pecuniary value. The cat has long been misunderstood and misrepresented. It has been accused of untameable ferocity, because when driven to the extreme of nervous dread, it has bitten and scratched; it has been accused of cunningly murdering babies in their cradles, because it has innocently tucked itself away with the baby in its fondness for warmth; and it has been accused of lack of attachment, though quite as credible stories are told of the cat's faithfulness and fondness as of the dog's: cats as well as dogs have been known to pine and sicken and die after the loss of a beloved friend or master. It is no less agreeable to be able to write that human beings have also shown themselves ready to die to save their cats. Champfleury tells a story of a sailor-boy who would not leave a sinking ship without his cats. The ship was run into by another, and so much damage was done that the crew had to leave her in all haste. They were safe on board a passing vessel before the captain, looking round among his com-



ANGORA CAT.

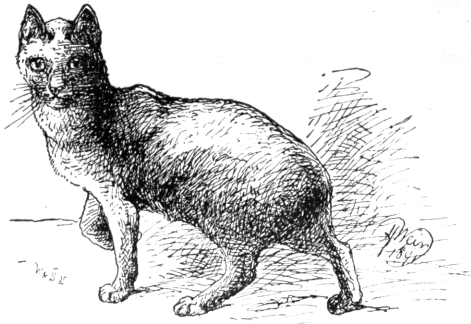
their special points and markings, is impossible here; those who desire to know these things in careful and exact detail should consult Harrison Weir's book on cats. Of

pany, exclaimed, "Where is Michel, the apprentice?" Michel was not to be found, and no one remembered his leaving the doomed ship. Michel had, indeed, been left behind. He had run to fetch from below the two ship's cats, which he was in the habit of feeding, and on returning on deck he had found his comrades gone. At first he wept, but soon he dried his eyes, lighted a lantern and hung it up, and then ran to the pump. All the night long, pumping and ringing the ship's bell, he fought against destruction.

Day came, and wore on. One, two ships he sighted, but he could not attract their attention. He shared his food with the cats, and pumped to keep himself and them afloat. Thus three days passed, and Michel was at the last extremity of fatigue and despair, when a brig sighted him, and bore down to his relief. Even when a boat came, however, to take him off, he refused to leave the wreck without the cats for which he had endured so much. And soon he was landed in his native port, carrying his two cats in his arms in triumph, amid the cheers of a crowd who had heard the story. Cats, moreover, protect property frequently as well as dogs. There are authentic stories told of cats flying at burglars, and aiding in the detection of murderers; and I myself had a cat that used to run to the door upon the appearance of a beggar, a tramp, or other disreputable-seeming person, muttering and growling like a dog. But of all the false accusations brought against the cat none is more flagrantly false than that its only attachment is to a place or to the bare walls of its home. So little is that true, that many stories might be told of the weary and wonderful pilgrimages cats have gone to find their owners. A family in Scotland, for instance, removed across a frith, or long arm of the sea. The cat was somehow forgotten, but in a few days she appeared at the new house, foot-sore and thin. How had she found her way there? The family had crossed in a boat, and the way by land was sixty miles round, over rocks and mountains! Many have shown by abundant instances that the cat is at-

tached to persons, but I think it has never before been pointed out that even those cats who are taken little notice of by their owners, and who therefore show little affection for them, are attached not really to the mere house in which they have been used to dwell, but to the familiar furniture of the house. Cats have a strong and cossetting sense of smell, and it is well known in every house that they have their favourite chairs or sofa corners; not only so, but, if they have had the run of the

house, they can tell over by scent every article of furniture which the house contains. A furniture-remover has told me that with some household goods which he has kept in warehouse for some years he brought away a white Persian. She has never forsaken her familiar furniture; she has always slept among it; and has brought up several families about it. I have proved that to my own satisfaction oftener than once in removing from one house to another, and I believe all furniture-removers are convinced of its truth. When a removal is arranged for, let pussy



MANX CAT.



"COMPLETE CONTENTMENT."

be secured in a box or basket early, because being such a nervous creature she may flee and hide out of reach, in terror of

the bustle and clatter of the workmen. When the packing is over, either let her loose among the furniture in the van or put her into the van in her box or basket. But do not let her loose in the new house until some familiar article of furniture has been carried in. A chair which she has been in the habit of sitting on will be sufficient. She will probably at first run in terror round the strange room, sniffing at every corner; then she will go to the chair, with a delicate sniff recognise it, and finally leap upon it and begin to lick herself in complete contentment.

Long ages of neglect, ill-treatment, and absolute cruelty have passed, and "the harmless, necessary cat" is rapidly gaining in favour. There are still many strong prejudices, however, against admitting the cat to such familiar acquaintance and friendship as the dog enjoys. It comes pretty much to this, that you either love the cat or you do not love it. If you love it, the probability is that you incomparably prefer it to the dog.

The cat, you have found, is less fussy, less boisterous than the dog; it does not trot in and out of doors with muddy feet; it does not leap upon you and deafen you with its barking to show its affection; and it does not insist upon startling strangers or upsetting babies and handmaidens by thrusting a cold, wet nose of welcome into the hand, like John Peerybingle's dog in "The Cricket on the Hearth." Compared with the dog, the cat is one of Nature's own aristocrats; and it is possible that the true implication of the proverb, "A cat may look at a king," is that the cat is of the king's serene and lofty quality. The noblest dog will sometimes put off his dignity, and play the common, vulgar fool; the cat never. And while the dog is yowling himself hoarse about nothing in particular, the cat sits impassive as Old Age or Fate, and lets the world slide; a reminder of god-like indifference to a generation anxiously "going to and fro on the earth," restless as Satan.





## *The Story of a Game.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALBERT DELPIT.

[ALBERT DELPIT, who was born in 1849, is an American transformed into a Frenchman. His father, a rich tobacco merchant in New Orleans, sent him when a boy to the college of St. Barbe at Paris. His education finished, he was recalled to the United States, to learn his father's business; but a few months were sufficient to convince him that literature had more attractions for him than tobacco. He returned to Paris, where he began to write with much success for various newspapers and magazines. During the Franco-Prussian War, he, like so many other famous men of letters, fought with glory, and was rewarded with the rosette of the Legion of Honour. His poems, plays, and especially his novels, are well known. Short stories he does not greatly cultivate; but the following is an excellent example of his style.]

### I.



WE were speaking in a club in Paris of the card-sharper who had just been executed, and each was relating his story: our friend Captain I—— alone said nothing.

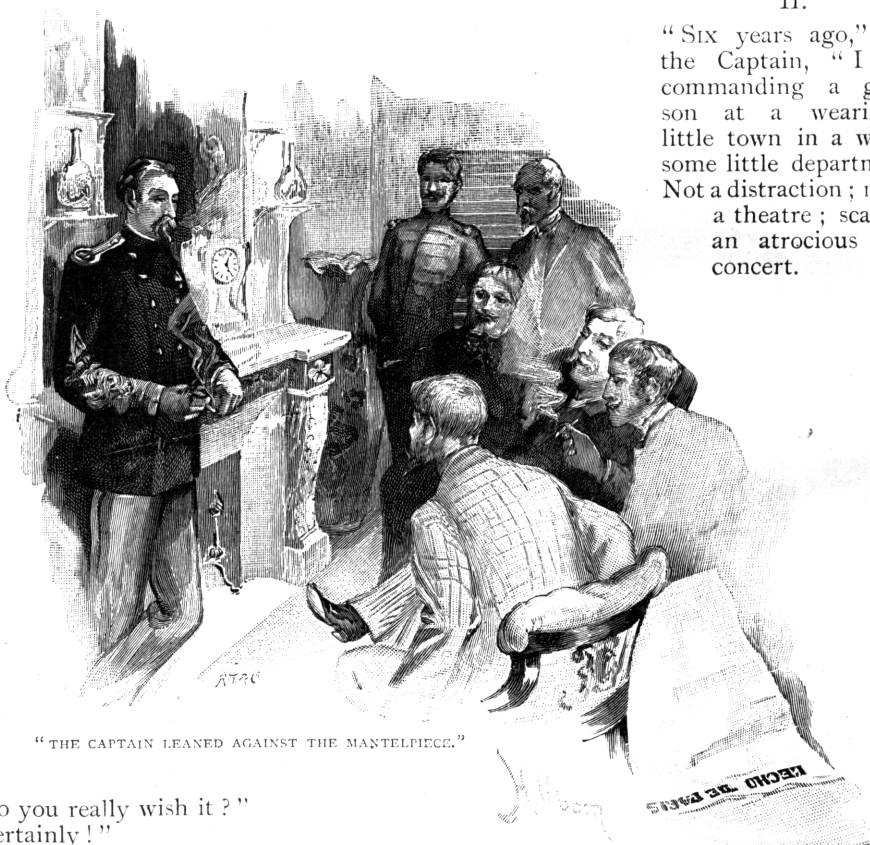
"Are you going to be the only one who does not furnish his share?" I asked him.

"So much the better! We are listening, my dear fellow."

The Captain lit a cigarette and leaned against the mantelpiece of the salon. We drew up our chairs so as to hear better, with that curious avidity of men, who are, after all, only big children. Outside, a gay May sun was shining through the half-closed shutters.

### II.

"Six years ago," said the Captain, "I was commanding a garrison at a wearisome little town in a wearisome little department. Not a distraction; never a theatre; scarcely an atrocious café concert.



"THE CAPTAIN LEANED AGAINST THE MANTELPIECE."

"Do you really wish it?"

"Certainly!"

"Very well, then. However, I warn you that my story is not in the least like yours, and that my thief is very interesting."

"One day, my work being ended, I did not know what to do, and little by little I



had taken the habit of going every evening to the Union Club, the only one which the village possessed. It was named thus because they were always disputing there. Generally we played there a little, except during the three large fairs of the year, which lasted each time about eight days.

"One autumn afternoon, towards the commencement of one of these fairs, I arrived at the Club in good time.

"There were many people in the Club whom I did not know: rich farmers who only came rarely to the town, or squires from the country who came to advertise their houses.

"A good party to-day,' said an *habitué* to me; 'it will be curious.'

"I turned towards the table where they

and a large bank, too, for the notes and coins were piled up before him.

"How much each time?' asked someone.

"Oh!' said a fat farmer, laughing, 'M. de Mertens has all the luck; he is able to hold an open bank.'

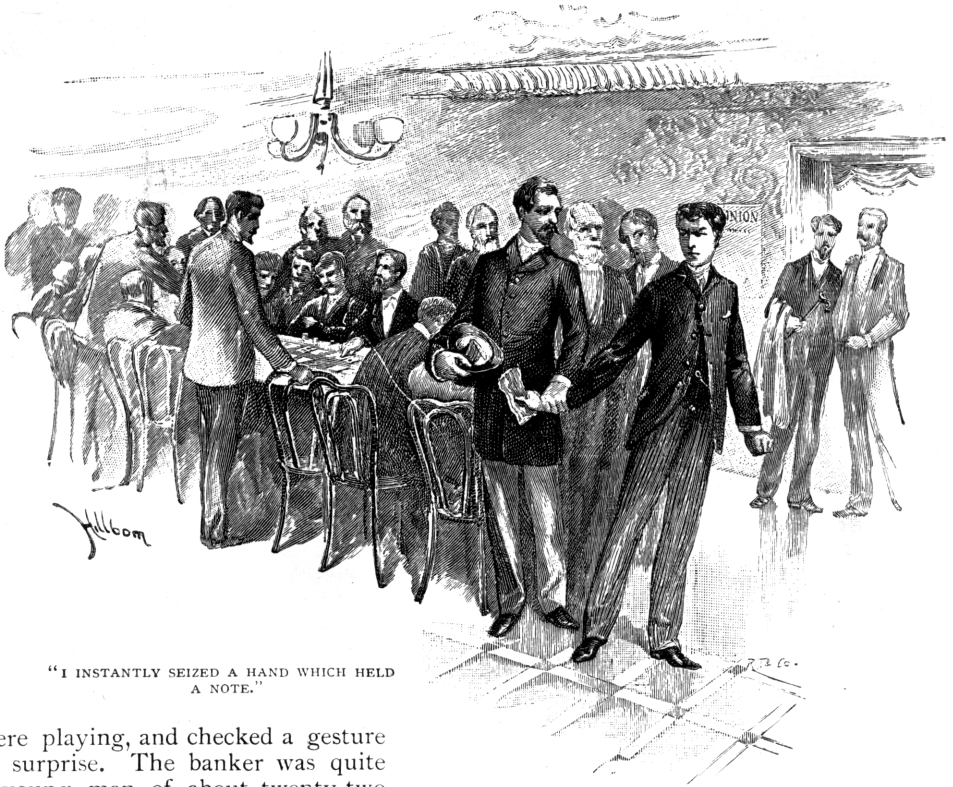
"The young man was very pale; there was a kind of wildness in his eyes.

"Open bank!' he stammered.

"This was a signal for his ill-luck. Ten times in succession the unfortunate Mertens lost. In a quarter of an hour the bank had broken.

"Another player took his place, and the play proceeded, so animated, so passionate, that I even allowed myself to be fascinated, and began to play with the others.

"There was no more room round the



"I INSTANTLY SEIZED A HAND WHICH HELD A NOTE."

were playing, and checked a gesture of surprise. The banker was quite a young man of about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, whom I knew by sight. He interested me, for his father had died very bravely at Magenta, and had left him a small fortune, and a name difficult to equal. He only came rarely to the Club, and did not play. I was therefore very much astonished to see him holding a bank,

table, and so I played standing, holding in my hand my hat, into which I nervously threw my gains, which grew larger and larger every minute.

"The party was more impassioned than ever, when someone cried out to me—

"'Captain, you are being robbed!'

"I turned round at once, and instantly seized a hand, the hand of M. de Mertens, which held a note for a thousand francs, which he was taking from me.

"The face of the unfortunate man was convulsed.

"I exchanged a look with him, one only, and I saw something pass in his eyes, now enlarged by fright.

"M. de Mertens is quite right,' I said, quite coolly, 'and I am surprised that anyone has dared to bring such an accusation against such a man as he; we are associates, and he has taken money for which he has need, that is all.'

"The explanations were brief. It was the first time that the individual who cried out had come to the Club, and he was not acquainted with M. de Mertens. The players, who were standing, were rather anxious; the new comer had seen a hand slip in the hat, and, believing that someone was stealing from me, had cried out. He made profuse apologies to M. de Mertens, whom all sympathised with on the deplorable incident caused by the foolishness of the impolitic individual.

"We then continued playing, and M. de Mertens went out.

"Three days passed, and I received no news from the young man. That he was not wishful to see me was quite natural. In saving him I had saved the posthumous honour of a brave soldier; but still I thought it strange that he should not have found some way of testifying his appreciation of my service.

"One evening I was just setting out to make some visits, when my orderly told me that a lady was waiting in the salon.

"She was a lady of about forty-five, a face calm and proud, with an honest look.

"I am Madame de Mertens,' she said. 'My son has told me all, and I have come to thank you for having kept unsullied the honour of our name.'

"Madame !'

"My son was foolishly enamoured of a woman, who was always demanding money, and he has ruined himself for her; he has played, he has lost. You know the rest.'

"I was very sorry, for the trouble of this noble woman touched me deeply; she was standing before me, and the tears glistened in her dark eyes.

"A folly of youth, Madame,' I stammered. 'I will see your son and talk to him.'

"She quietly shook her head.

"You will not see him, Captain; he is engaged in the Infantry of Marines, and I came when he had departed."

### III.

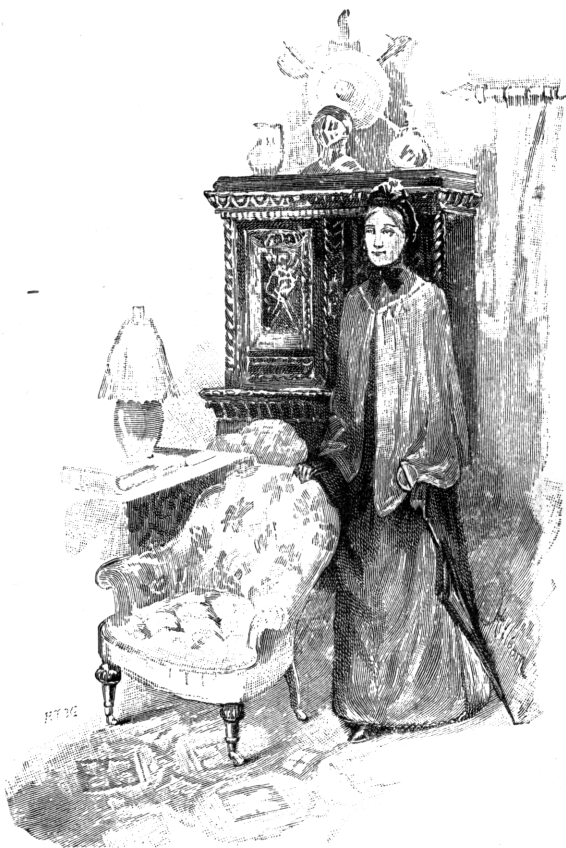
WE had listened to Captain I—without interruption; when he

stopped there was a short silence.

"And the end, Captain? What has become of M. de Mertens?"

"He is dead, gentlemen. A few years ago I received a letter, which came from Kélung; a poor little letter, written with pale ink, on paper already yellow. It contained these lines:—

'I am seriously wounded. . . . Admiral Courbet has just brought me the cross. . . .



"A LADY WAS WAITING."

But I am going to die. . . I send it you, my poor cross, to you who saved me, and I shall be happy if you will wear it.'

"That is the reason, gentlemen, that in place of fastening to my uniform the

decoration which the Chancellor of the Légion d'Honneur gave me, I carry the cross of the sergeant of the Marine Infantry, who, after being caught as a thief, died at Kélung like a hero."



## Celebrities at Play.

Absence of occupation is not rest ;  
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."



O see the great unbend is, we have it on historic authority, a source of infinite amusement to the populace. If that was true in Macaulay's days, it is even less disputable in

these, when a special journalism exists mainly to chronicle the small doings of the great, and every newspaper has its personal column. The fierce light of publicity, which at one time beat solely on the throne and its entourage, now shines as brilliantly in Stuccoville as on the mansion or the palace. The goings and comings of the Brown-Joneses and the Fitz-Smythes are made as prominent—at a guinea or a half the paragraph—as those of Dukes and Cabinet Ministers. Everybody knows, or wants to know, everybody else's little weaknesses ; and he is a careful man nowadays who hides his idiosyncrasies from the public gaze. Happier still is he who, having his skeleton in his cupboard, can double lock the door and lose the key.

Before the days of society journalism these things were never freely talked of—except with bated breath and in the most profound secrecy at tea and scandal gatherings—during the lifetime of the personage. In his biography they would find a place, when he had no power to resent the im-

pertinent prying into his domestic secrets. Who, for instance, would have dared to print a gossipy par. about Cardinal Richelieu's favourite recreation of leaping over furniture ; Peter the Great's diversion of being wheeled in a perambulator over his neighbours' flower-beds ; or Pope Innocent III.'s partiality for ninepins ? Yet everyone knows and freely criticises the amusements of our Royal Family, our greatest legislators, and most celebrated people. The musical performances of our princes and princesses, and the Princess of Wales's achievements in amateur photography—in which she is an equal adept with the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Archduchess Maria Theresa—are matters of common knowledge. The caricaturist indulges his fancy, and often his political spite, about Mr. Gladstone's tree-felling, Lord Salisbury's experimental chemistry, Mr. Balfour's golf, Mr. W. H. Smith's yachting, Mr. Chaplin's coachdriving, and Mr. Chamberlain's amateur gardening. When Lord Sherbrooke was known as "Bobby Lowe," his achievements on the bicycle were not only the object of caricature, but the subject of much coarser vilification than ever was the childish amusement of the poet Shelley with his paper boats in the parks. Even Sir W. Vernon Harcourt was openly twitted in the House of Commons the other day by Sir Henry James on his incapacity in shooting.

But the popular knowledge on these matters is not solely due to partisan animosity. The demand for such information is insatiable, and the competition in the journalistic world so keen that the demand is supplied with as much detail as possible. Hence Mr. Irving's dog is as familiar in the public mind as either Scott's canine companion or Dante's cat, and people talk glibly of Rosa Bonheur's pets, Sarah Bernhardt's snakes and tigers, and the monkeys with whose gambols Mrs. Weldon beguiled her leisure hours. Nor is the Prince of Wales's fondness for horses and horse-racing free either from criticism or condemnation.

All this publicity is not perhaps an unmixed evil. Our celebrities at play nowa-

days, if they do not take their pleasures more sadly, do so at least with more discretion. The Prince of Wales, for instance, is criticised, condemned, and even prayed for, because he has a modest racing stable, encourages the sport of kings, and loses a modest stake at cards. But what sort of a paragraph would appear in *The Weekly Scandalmonger* if he followed in the footsteps of that previous Prince of Wales whose tavern-fre-

quenting is matter of history. Our celebrities do not now play pranks publicly. If Lord Tennyson, instead of meditative wanderings by the sea, were to indulge, as Cowper did, in glazing windows, a snapshot of a detective camera might be relied on quickly to give publicity to the fact. If Professor Tyndall, instead of climbing the Alps, were to copy Rousseau, and roll boulders down Primrose-hill, he, too, would quickly achieve an unenviable notoriety. Or if any of our present-day celebrities were to seek their relaxation and amusement in the form which delighted Dean Swift, by harnessing his servants and driving them up and down stairs, what "snappy" paragraphs there would be in the society journals.

The amusements of our celebrities are tame and commonplace in comparison with some of these. But even nowadays the idiosyncrasies of public men are sometimes curious. For instance, there lives in the neighbourhood of Nottingham the Rev. Dr. Cox, the late editor of *The Expositor*, the most famous Hebrew scholar in the country. He and his wife are to be constantly seen playing at ball in the front garden of his residence. If it was done in the sanctity of the back garden, there would be no ground for comment, for the fact of a learned divine playing at ball is not more remarkable than that recorded by Disraeli the elder, of Knox visiting Calvin one Sunday and finding



COWPER GLAZING WINDOWS.

him engaged in a game of bowls. No one has presumed to whisper that our greatest Hebrew scholar was ever guilty of amusing himself in his own peculiar way on a Sunday, and certainly no one has ever complained of annoyance. This cannot be said with regard to the amusements of some "celebrities," especially when they take the form of pets. Sarah Bernhardt came under the notice of the autho-

rities in America on one occasion, when her pet tiger got loose and created a large amount of consternation. Everyone must remember the notoriety a certain Countess achieved a few years ago with respect to her cats. That was perhaps the worst instance that could be cited. But there was a doleful story told some time ago by the "interviewer" employed by a



"SARAH'S TIGER."

smart paper to interview Mrs. Weldon when she was on her theatrical tour. He found her amusing herself with her pet monkeys, and was exceedingly discomfited by her giving him her specially pet monkey to mind while she went upstairs. No one, perhaps, wastes much sympathy over interviewers, and no great regret would be felt in the fact that "the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

One thing, however, should not be lost sight of. The continual harping upon one point by caricaturists as well as chroniclers is apt to mislead. Mr. Balfour, for instance, is often supposed to be devoted to nothing but politics and golf, whereas he is best known as the greatest metaphysician of the age. The Edinburgh University conferred on him their degree in recognition of his mental philosophy. Mr. Gladstone's tree-felling, too, has assumed an exaggerated importance in the eyes of the masses, from a similar cause. As a matter of fact, and especially of late years, his wood-chopping feats have been few and far between. He himself only recently claimed, as his chief recreation during the past forty years, the study of Homer, for which he is, perhaps, more famed than any of his other achievements. With him recreation has been change of employment, just as Louis XVI. turned from cares of State to making locks, the



"GOLF."

he himself is recorded to have said at a meeting he addressed in that town, that he would far rather have been at home romping with his children than addressing his constituency. This is the only available authority at the moment for the statement that he shares the weakness of Oliver Goldsmith and the historian Macaulay for

juvenile romping—a weakness with which his political opponents have not been backward in twitting him. Lord Salisbury's chemical experiments at Hatfield have already been spoken of.

Mention has also already been made of the idiosyncrasies of celebrities as manifested in their playtime. It has also been pointed out that in the case of many recreation is only another source of useful employment. If any further illustration were needed on this point, attention might be called to the benefit



"A GRAND OLD FELLER."





"ROMPING."

astronomers have reaped through the dead James Nasmyth, and the living Sir Henry Bessemer, having used their leisure hours in the construction of telescopes. Nasmyth invented one which was far in advance of anything previously produced, and Sir Henry Bessemer is perfecting one which is to eclipse everything yet invented. But there is also another phase to be noticed in "Celebrities at Play," and that is the case of those who adopt some recreative employment or study which, while entirely distinct from their ordinary avocation, nevertheless becomes of utility. For this reason, apparently, Mr. Blackmore, the novelist, and author of "Lorna Doone,"

who is not only a novelist, but a barrister, has adopted market-gardening and fruit-growing as the occupation of his leisure hours. He is to be met with several times a week with his wagon-load of market produce *en route* for Covent Garden, where, as an enthusiastic amateur, he is scarcely distinguishable from the crowd of country professionals. His gardens and farm are at Teddington, and he is a well-known character there. Something akin to this picture of a favourite author amusing himself with growing cabbages and apples is that of our Poet Laureate in the milk trade. In his "Northern Farmer" and other of his poems, he displays a very acute knowledge of agricultural matters, but not many would have suspected him of being a dairy farmer in real earnest. This, however, is a fact, and on the west side of the Isle of Wight, where he passes most of his time, milk-carts are to be constantly met bearing the name and title, "Alfred, Lord Tennyson." Some of our ladies, too, show a practical turn of mind. Not only do they go in for gardening, but they are starting an association in London, with a *dépôt* in Lower Sloane-street. Employment will be found for needy ladies in taking charge of conservatories, window boxes, balconies, and small gardens. Here we have an illustration of the recreation of the rich providing charitable assistance for the needy.

Harking back for a moment to "play" as confined to games, one remembers that

Dr. Forbes Winslow has a real enthusiasm for lawn-tennis, Major Marindin is devoted to football, and that the amateur tennis championship is held by a knight—Sir E. Gray; while Lord Harris's fame as a cricketer is world-wide. It may, however, not be so well known that Lady Harris also shares her husband's love of the national game—even to the extent of playing it in the tropics. Only a few weeks ago at the hill station of Mahabuleswar—the seat of the Bom-



"AT HATFIELD."

bay Government in the hot season—she captained a team of six ladies and six gentlemen against a similar team captained by another lady. The conditions were that the gentlemen should play left-handed with a broomstick, bowling and fielding also with the left hand, while the ladies should play in the orthodox manner. In the end Lady Harris's team won, scoring 63 runs to their opponents' 58. Fishing has had many enthusiastic devotees. John Bright, the poet Dryden, and the philosopher George Herbert, were all enthusiastic fishermen. In our own day Lord Hartington is a devoted knight of the rod; while Mr. Black, the novelist, it was recently reported, has been salmon fishing with great success in Sutherlandshire.

Of the celebrities who have outlived their "play" days, a unique example is to be found in the case of Prince Bismarck. In his early days Prince Bismarck had a passion for duelling. It does not appear whether it carried him to such an extent that—like Crockey Doyle who insulted people right

and left in order to have the pleasure of apologising—he made enemies for the pleasure of fighting them, but at least twenty-seven duels are recorded in which

he took part. Things then got too warm for him, or opponents grew shy; and, duels running short, he took to shooting, drinking, and playing jokes to such an extent that he became known as "mad Bismarck." What he does now, beyond smoking cigars on the "chain" system, and drinking immense quantities of beer, is not known, though there is some reason to think that, like his illustrious coadjutor Von Moltke, he spends his leisure in devising

schemes to harass his opponents. This method of spending their play hours is a common one among men of political eminence. There are few who can, like Mr. Gladstone, work off the petty worries of public life by cutting down trees and poring over musty manuscripts. There is no doubt at all that this accounts for the evergreen freshness of the man, his wonderful energy and vitality. It is not the work but the worry that kills.

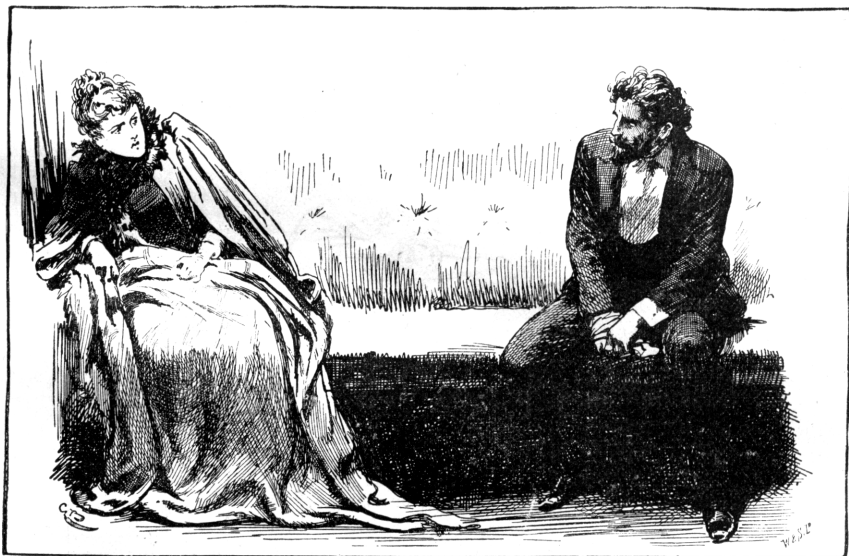


"A KNIGHT OF THE ROD."



## *The Doctor's Story.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT.



"HE LOOKED AT HIS NEIGHBOUR WITH A GLITTERING EYE."

### I.

ONCE knew a woman, one of my patients, now dead, to whom the most extraordinary thing in the world happened, and the most mysterious and touching.



She was a Russian, Countess Marie Baranow, a very great lady, of exquisite beauty. You know how beautiful the Russians are, or, at least, how beautiful they seem to us—with their delicate noses, their sensitive mouths; their eyes so close together, of an indefinable colour, a blue grey; and their cold, rather hard, charm. They have something wicked and seductive, haughty and melting, tender and severe, utterly charming to a Frenchman. At bottom, perhaps, it is only the difference of race and blood that makes us see so much in them.

Her doctor had, during many years, known that she was threatened by a disease of the chest, and endeavoured to persuade her to come to France for the winter, but she obstinately refused to quit St. Petersburg. At last, in the autumn of last year, the doctor compelled her to leave for Mentone.

She was alone in her compartment of the train, her servants occupying another. She leant against the window a little sadly, watching the country and the villages as she whirled past, feeling very isolated, very lonely in life.

At each station her footman, Ivan, came to see if his mistress had everything she desired. He was an old servant, blindly devoted, ready to obey any order she might give him.

Night fell, the train rolled on at full speed. She could not sleep, she was totally unnerved. Suddenly the idea occurred to her of counting the money given to her at the last moment in French gold. She opened her little bag and emptied on to her lap the glistening stream of metal.

But, of a sudden, a breath of cold air caught her cheek. She lifted her head in surprise. The door opened. The Countess Marie, in dismay, threw a shawl over the money spread out in her lap, and waited. A moment afterwards a man appeared, bare-headed, wounded in one hand, panting, and in evening dress.

He reclosed the door, sat down and looked at his neighbour with a glittering eye, then wrapped his wrist in a handkerchief.

The poor woman felt faint with fright. This man must have seen her counting her money, and had come to kill her and steal it.

He still fixed his gaze upon her, breathlessly, his face drawn, evidently waiting to spring upon her.

He said brusquely—

"Madame, have no fear."

She answered nothing, she was incapable of opening her lips, she heard her heart beating and a buzzing in her ears.

"I am no malefactor, madame," he continued.

Still she said nothing; but in a sudden movement she made, her knees knocked together and the money poured on to the carpet like water from a spout.

The man stared in surprise at this flow of gold, and at once stooped to gather it up.

She, terrified, rose, casting all her gold on to the carpet, and rushed to the door to throw herself on to the line. But he perceived her intention, sprang up, seized her in his arms, and forced her on to the seat, holding her by the wrists.

"Listen to me, madame. I am no thief. As a proof I am going to gather up this money and restore it to you. But I am a lost man, a dead man, unless you help me to pass the frontier. I can tell you no more. In one hour we shall be at the last Russian station, in one hour and twenty minutes we shall be on the other side of the boundaries of the Empire. Unless you aid me, I am lost. And yet, madame, I have neither killed nor stolen, nor done anything dishonourable. That I swear to you. I can tell you no more."

And, going down on his knees, he col-

lected the money, feeling under the seats, and looking into the furthest corners. Then, when the little leather bag was once more full, he handed it to his neighbour without a word, and returned to his seat in the other corner of the carriage.

Neither moved. She sat motionless and mute, still faint with fright, but recovering little by little. As to him, he moved no muscle, he sat erect, his eyes fixedly looking straight before him, very pale, as though he were dead. Every now and then she threw him a glance, which was quickly averted. He was a man of about thirty, very handsome, with every appearance of being a gentleman.

The train tore through the darkness, throwing its ear-piercing whistles into the night, now slackening speed, now off again at its fastest. Then it calmed its flight, whistled several times, and stopped altogether.

Ivan appeared at the door to take orders. The Countess Marie looked for the last time at her

strange companion. Then in a voice brusque and trembling, said to her servant—

"Ivan, you will return to the Count. I have no further need of your services."

Amazed, the man opened his enormous eyes. He stammered—

"But—but——"

She continued—

"No, you need not come. I have changed my mind. I wish you to stay in Russia. Here, here is money for the journey. Give me your cap and mantle."

The old servant, bewildered, took off his cap and mantle, with unquestioning obedience, accustomed to the sudden whims and



"HE SPRANG UP AND SEIZED HER."

strange caprices of his mistress. He walked away with the tears in his eyes.

The train started again, racing to the frontier.

Then the Countess Marie said to her companion—

"These things are for you, monsieur; you are Ivan, my servant. I make but one condition: it is that you will never speak to me, that you will say no word to thank me on any pretext whatever."

## II.

ONE day, as I was receiving my patients in my study, I saw a tall man enter. "Doctor," he said, "I come to ask news of the Countess Marie Baranow."

"She is beyond hope," I replied. "She will never return to Russia."

And this man fell to sobbing; then he arose, and went out staggering like a drunken man. That same evening I told the Countess that a stranger had been to



"GIVE ME YOUR CAP AND MANTLE."

The stranger bowed without a word.

Soon a fresh halt was made, and the officials in uniform entered the train. The Countess handed them the papers, and pointing to the man seated in the far end of the carriage—

"My servant, Ivan; here is his passport."

The train started again.

During the whole of the night they remained *tête-à-tête*, dumb both.

In the morning, on stopping at a German station, the stranger alighted. Then, standing by the door, he said—

"Pardon me, madame, that I break my promise, but I have deprived you of your servant; it is only fair that I should replace him. Is there anything you require?"

She replied coldly—

"Go and send my maid."

He went. Then disappeared. Whenever she alighted at a refreshment-room she saw him watching her from a distance. In due course they arrived at Mentone.

me to ask after her health. She seemed touched, and told me the tale I have just told you. She added—

"This man, whom I do not know, follows me like my shadow. I meet him every time I go out. He looks at me very strangely, but he has never spoken to me."

She reflected, and then added—

"Look, there he is, below my window!"

She rose from her sofa, drew the curtains aside, and showed me the man who had called upon me, sitting on a bench on the promenade, his eyes raised to the hotel. He saw us, rose and walked away without once turning his head. So it was that I took part in a strange and incomprehensible episode; in the love of these two beings who were quite unknown to one another.

He loved with the devotion of a rescued animal, grateful and devoted until death. He came every day to ask me, "How is she?" knowing that I had guessed. And

he wept bitterly when he had seen her pass, paler and weaker every day.

She said to me—

"I have spoken but once to this singular man, and it seems to me I have known him for years."

And when they met she returned his bow with a grave and charming smile. I knew she was happy—she so lonely and dying. I knew she was happy to be loved with such constancy and respect, with this exaggerated poesy, with this devotion ready for all hazards. And yet, faithful to her obstinate though high-minded resolve, she absolutely refused to receive him, to know his name, or to speak to him. She said, "No, no, that would spoil our strange friendship. We must remain strangers to one another."

As to him, he was of a certainty a kind

of Don Quixote, for he took no steps to approach her. He was determined to keep to the letter the absurd promise he had made to her in the train.

Often during the long hours of weakness she rose from her sofa to draw back the curtains, and look if he were there below the window. And when she had seen him, always immovably seated on his bench, she returned to her couch with a smile on her lips.

She died one morning about six o'clock. As I left the hotel he came to me, his face distorted; he had already heard the news.

"I should like to see her for a second in your presence," he said.

I took his arm and re-entered the house.

When he was by the bedside of the dead, he took her hand and kissed it, a long, long kiss. Then he fled like a madman.



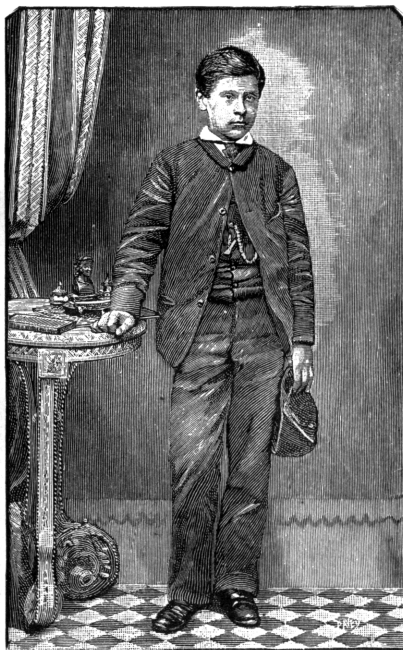


# Portraits of Celebrities at different times of their Lives.

## THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

BORN 1847.

**H**ENRY FITZ-ALAN HOWARD, his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, premier Duke and Earl, was born in Carlton-terrace, December 27, 1847, and succeeded to the title on the death of his father in 1860; so that even at fifteen, the age at which the first of our three portraits represents him, he had already been for three years Duke of Norfolk. His Grace, who is a zealous Roman Catholic, takes the most active



*From a Photo. by*

AGE 15.

*[Mauill & Fox.]*

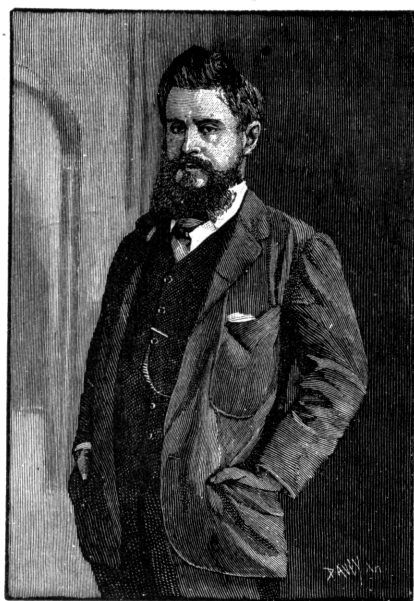
interest in all matters relating to the welfare of his Church, and frequently fills the chair at meetings of his fellow-Catholics. He is President of the Catholic Union of Great Britain. It was to him that Dr. Newman addressed, in the year 1875, his memorable reply to Mr. Gladstone's "Political Expostulation." The Duke of Norfolk is one of the strongest opponents of Home Rule, in which matter he has brought himself into collision with the Irish priesthood. The Duke married, in 1877, Lady Flora Hastings, who died in 1887.



*From a Photo. by*

AGE 21.

*[Mauill & Fox.]*



*From a Photo. by*

PRESENT DAY.

*[Russell & Sons.]*



# THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

BORN 1859.

EVEN in the first of these we see the distinguished monarch, characteristically enough, saluting in military fashion; and at the various stages of his youth he looks every inch a soldier. His ages are:

- |                |                |
|----------------|----------------|
| NO. 1, AGE 2.  | NO. 2, AGE 4.  |
| NO. 3, AGE 7.  | NO. 4, AGE 9.  |
| NO. 5, AGE 10. | NO. 6, AGE 14. |
| NO. 7, AGE 21. | NO. 8, AGE 31. |



AGE 10.

*From a Photo. by Elders, Altona.*

## THE GERMAN EMPRESS.



HE present is a particularly fitting moment for the publication of the photo-

graphs of the German Emperor and Empress at various ages of their lives, when their memorable visit is still fresh in the memory of all, and while the shop-windows are crowded with their portraits. Nothing could be more interesting than the first photograph here given of the German Empress — the only one taken at an early age known to exist — which shows her as a little girl of ten years old, taken when her father, the Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, was entirely undertaking her education and that of her younger sisters. In the second likeness we see her when sought in marriage by the Emperor,



*From a Photo. by*

AGE 22

*[Alex. Bassano,*



*From a Photo. by*

THE EMPRESS AND HER FAMILY, 1888.

*[Selle & Kuntz, Potsdam.*

at twenty-two, and in the last surrounded by five sturdy little sons.



AGE 4.

*From a  
Photograph.*



*From a Drawing by*

AGE 21.

*[Charles Keene.*



*From a Photo. by]*

AGE 30.

*[S. A. Walker.*

## J. ASHBY STERRY.

**B**ORN in London, Mr. Sterry commenced descriptive writing at the age of four; at eight, he wrote a story in a series of letters; at ten, fell down in worship before the genius of Charles Dickens; and shortly afterwards, having read a life of Nelson, vowed that he would become an admiral. Fortunately this fit did not last very long, and he returned to art, sketching, and writing, until, at the age of twenty-two, he made a serious start in life with an entertainment called, "Autumn Leaves from a



PRESENT DAY.

*From a Photo. by Robinson, Tunbridge Wells.*

"Tourist's Note Book," writing his own lecture and lyrics, and being his own scene painter and musical composer. With this entertainment he travelled round the country, and was welcomed and successful wherever he showed his genial face. Among his countless contributions to *Punch* are "Lays of a Lazy Minstrel" and "Songs of the Street." The friends of Mr. Ashby Sterry are attached to him

not only for his rare talents, but for an exceptional kindness of nature which imparts a peculiar sweetness to their personal intercourse and association with him.





From a] AGE 4. [Photograph.



From a Photo. by] AGE 8. [Hill & Saunders.

### MISS FORTESCUE.



MISS FORTESCUE at the early ages of four and eight displayed no especial tendencies towards the stage. Her early life was the ordinary one of an English country gentleman's daughter, while she became an adept at foreign languages, and conversant not only with the three "R's," but with two more—riding and rowing. At the former, indeed, she was "a wonder across country," and at the present time there is nothing she likes more than a "scamper," or a day on the river. Miss Fortescue made her first appearance on the stage as "Lady Ella" in *Patience*.

In two years she was playing the heroine in *Dan'l Druce*, at the Court Theatre. Immediately after this she was engaged for a starring tour through England and America, and on her return from the United States, Mr. Augustus Harris secured her services for Drury Lane Theatre, where she was probably the youngest "leading lady" ever engaged at the national theatre. In 1886 she started on her first theatrical enterprise on her own account. Since then she has been her own manageress, and has conducted her



AGE 18.  
[From a Photo. by  
Elliott & Fry.]



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. W. & D. Downey.

long tours and short London seasons with unvarying and increasing success. Miss Fortescue was always a beautiful woman, and in the last two or three years her talent and resource in her art have been so generally admitted as to have passed beyond the region of dispute. She is a brilliant and remarkably intellectual conversationalist.



From a Photo. by]

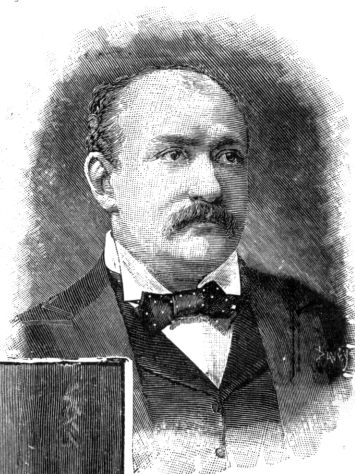
AGE 10.

[Southwell Bros.



AGE 17.

[Stereoscopic Co.]



AGE 30.

[From a Photo, by Barraud.]

## AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

BORN 1852.

MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS'S father achieved a world-wide reputation as a stage-manager, and it is now admitted that the fame of the father has been eclipsed by that of the son. Mr. Augustus Harris, as a very young man, played *Malcolm* at the Theatre Royal Manchester; and he afterwards joined Mr. Barry Sullivan's company, in which he played juvenile and light comedy parts. The most important step in his career was taken when he succeeded Mr. Chat-terton as lessee of



From a Photo, by]

AGE 39

[Barraud.

Drury Lane Theatre, and from that date his onward march has been triumphantly successful. But Mr. Harris has not been content with fame won upon the lyric and dramatic stage. Ambitious for public honours he became a candidate for a seat in the London County Council, and, being elected, has proved a worthy and useful member of that body. His election last year as Sheriff of London has conferred distinction upon the art he properly represents.





F. TAYLOR &amp; CO.

From a]

AGE 6.

[Photograph.

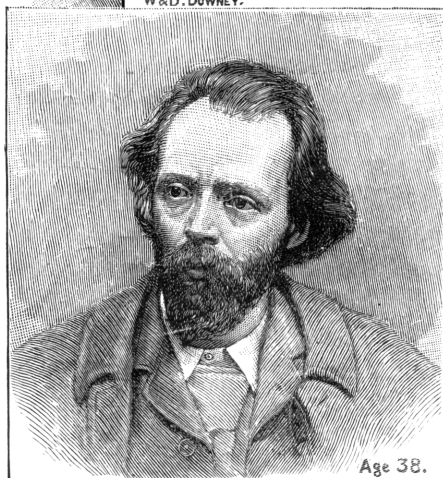


AGE 25.  
From a Photo,  
by  
Satch Bros.



W &amp; D. DOWNEY.

Age 33.



Age 38.

From a Photo by]

AGE 38. [G. P. Abraham, Keewick.

## HALL CAINE.

BORN 1853.

**M**R. HALL CAINE, one of the most original and powerful of our later novelists, is only now in his thirty-eighth year, and may be therefore said to have attained celebrity at an early period of life. He was born August 14, 1853, at Runcorn, in Lancashire, and is doubtless indebted to his Manx parentage and to the reminiscences of his childhood for much of his peculiar power as an author. Originally intended for an architect, he studied for that profession in Liverpool, but at the age of twenty he commenced a career as a journalist, the stepping-stone of so many other famous novelists. In 1880 he came to London, and spent a precious year with D. G. Rossetti, by whose bedside he sat when that gifted poet drew his last breath. During that period Mr. Caine contributed to the *The Athenæum* and *The Academy*. His "Sonnets of Three Centuries" were published in 1881, and were followed by "Recollections of Rossetti" (1882), "Cobwebs of Criticism" (1883), and "Life of Coleridge" (1886). Before the publication of this latter work he wrote his first novel, "The Shadow of a Crime," which immediately attracted attention to

him as a novelist of rare originality. "The Deemster" (1887), and "The Bondman" (1890), confirmed the hopes entertained of him, and set the seal upon his fame.



AGE 14.

[From a Drawing.]



AGE 35.

[Stereoscopic Co.]



From a

AGE 2

[Miniature.]

## HENRY LABOUCHERE.

BORN 1831.



**R. HENRY LABOUCHERE** is

the eldest son of the late John

Labouchere, of Broome Park, Surrey, in the nursery of which house our first portrait represents him in the company of his toy horse. At the age of fourteen, as in our second portrait, he was a boy at Eton. In his early days Mr. Labouchere was a great traveller, and during his sojourn in the Wild West his romantic tastes and love of adventure led him to join, for a time, a tribe of Chippewa Indians, with whom he roamed over the prairies. Through the influence of



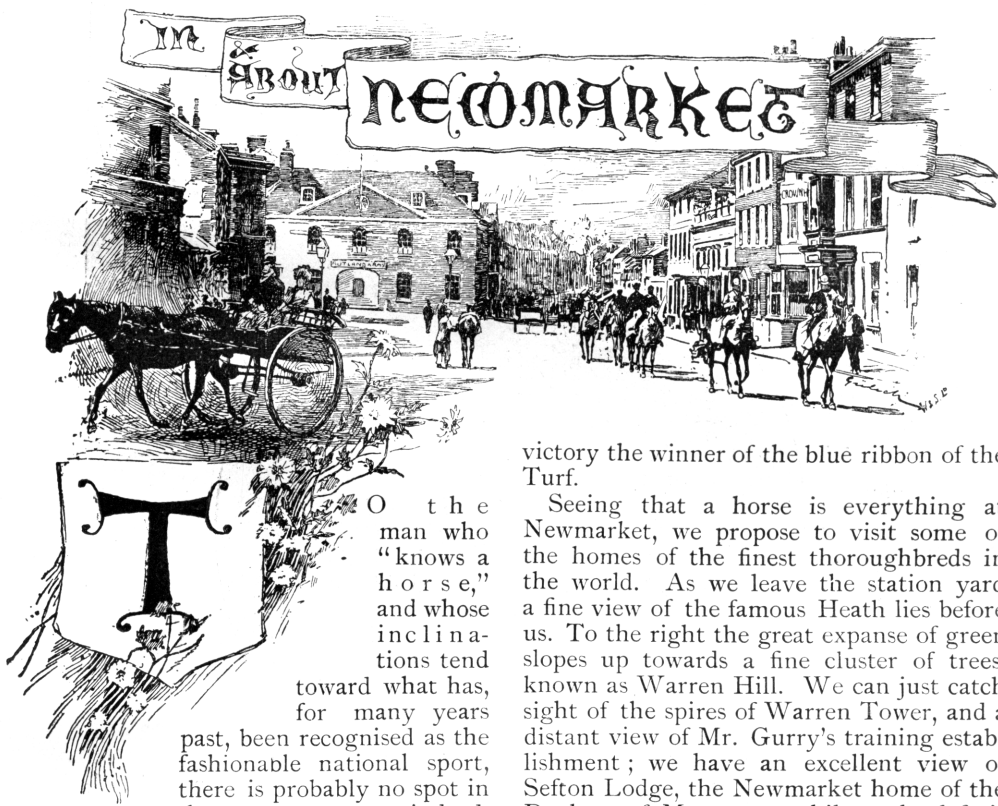
PRESENT DAY.

[From a Photo. by Maclure, Macdonald & Co., Glasgow.]

his uncle, Lord Taunton, he entered the diplomatic service in 1854, and was successively Attaché at Washington, Munich, Stockholm, Frankfort, St. Petersburg, and Dresden. At the age of our third portrait Mr. Labouchere had left the service two years, and had entered Parliament as Liberal member for Windsor. In 1880 he was returned for Northampton at the head of the poll, and has sat for that borough ever since. Mr. Labouchere is proprietor and editor of *Truth* and part-proprietor of *The Daily News*, and he is noted as a

writer for the same qualities that make him popular as a speaker—his vivacity of style, and quick, lively repartee.

# IN ABOUT NEWMARKET



O t h e  
man who  
"knows a  
horse,"  
and whose  
inclina-  
tions tend  
toward what has,  
for many years  
past, been recognised as the  
fashionable national sport,  
there is probably no spot in  
the country, or, indeed,  
throughout the world, around which so  
much combined interest and curiosity is  
centred as Newmarket. Newmarket, as a  
town, is distinctly modest and undeniably  
unpretentious. Its High-street presents a  
happy division between modern improve-  
ments and old-time associations. There  
are quaint and odd corners where one  
can almost picture the gay cavaliers of  
Charles II.'s time wending their way to-  
wards the racecourse at the top of the hill,  
and even imagine the Merry Monarch  
himself being summarily interrupted in  
following his "fancy" as the animal flew  
over the grassy sward—for was he not at  
the races at Newmarket when news came  
of the outburst of rioting at Rye House?  
To-day Newmarket is the capital of the  
world of sport. From fifteen hundred to  
two thousand horses are in course of train-  
ing here, under the care of some eighty  
trainers in and around the town, whilst a  
veritable army of stable boys are patiently  
waiting and longing to guide one day to

victory the winner of the blue ribbon of the  
Turf.

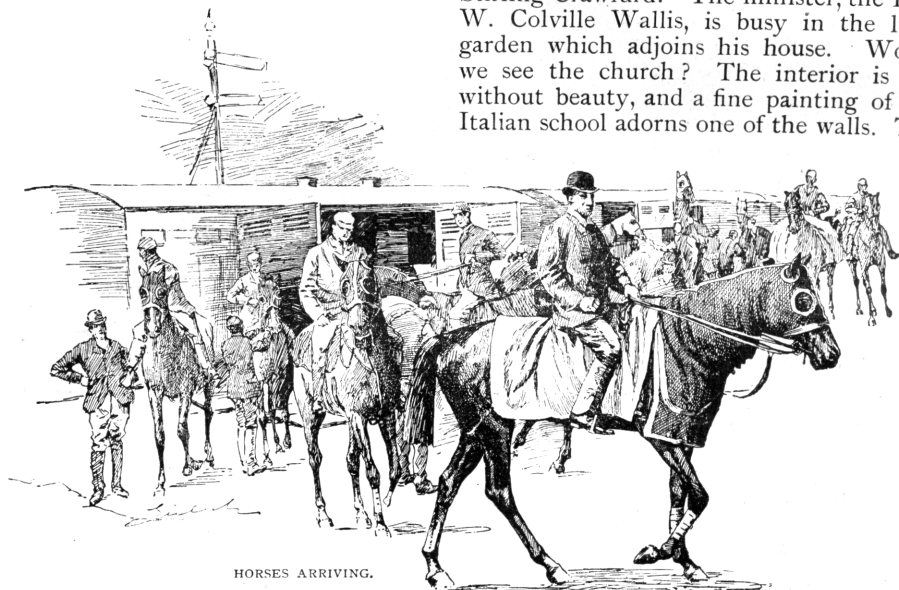
Seeing that a horse is everything at  
Newmarket, we propose to visit some of  
the homes of the finest thoroughbreds in  
the world. As we leave the station yard a  
fine view of the famous Heath lies before  
us. To the right the great expanse of green  
slopes up towards a fine cluster of trees,  
known as Warren Hill. We can just catch  
sight of the spires of Warren Tower, and a  
distant view of Mr. Gurry's training estab-  
lishment; we have an excellent view of  
Sefton Lodge, the Newmarket home of the  
Duchess of Montrose; while to the left is  
Mr. John Dawson's house and stables, sur-  
rounded with magnificent trees and lilac in  
full bloom.

"One moment, sir."

A friendly porter tells us that the horses  
are just returning from the Manchester  
Races. Newmarket station sees the arrival  
and departure of many animals in the course  
of a year. Last year no fewer than 91 were  
sent to Epsom, 105 to Goodwood, and 106  
to Ascot. The special train has just come  
in, and the next moment the great horse-  
boxes are opened. The boxes are, in reality,  
travelling stables, for they are all fitted up  
exactly on the same principle, with accom-  
modation for "two." A small "third-class"  
compartment is attached for the lad who  
accompanies the horse on its journey. The  
platform is carpeted with straw, and no  
sooner are the huge doors opened than the  
occupier evinces the greatest possible desire  
to get out. But these stable lads seem to  
know every weak spot in a horse's disposi-  
tion, and their methods of pacification are a

delightful blending of professional tact and indisputable kindness. No sooner are the horses out, than the lads are on their backs

little higher up the road is the Memoriam Church of St. Agnes, erected by the Duchess of Montrose in 1886, in memoriam of Mr. Stirling Crawford. The minister, the Rev. W. Colville Wallis, is busy in the little garden which adjoins his house. Would we see the church? The interior is not without beauty, and a fine painting of the Italian school adorns one of the walls. The



HORSES ARRIVING.

guiding them along the platform. One boy is peculiarly attractive. He is the smallest stable boy in Newmarket, and is familiarly known as "the Midget." No wonder, for as this diminutive youngster sits, the picture of health, on his horse's back, it is no easy matter to see him amongst the great heap of rugs and horse cloths which are on the saddle with him.

Though the majority of training establishments at Newmarket are practically conducted on the same principle, every one of them, however, has something of particular interest about it. The description of the stalls in one stable would fully typify those in the next twenty, and we would ask those trainers to whose establishments special reference is omitted not to think this due to any want of courtesy on our part, but solely to the great similarity which, in many instances, characterises them.

We have crossed the Heath, staying for a moment to watch a hundred horses exercising in small detachments, and in single solemn file. Here is the corner of the Bury-road. Nothing could be prettier than the grounds in front of Sefton Lodge—the verandah is completely hidden by trailing leaf, and the flower-beds are sparkling with tulips, red and white. At the back of the house is the training stable, where twenty horses are passing through "a course." A

church is lit by electric light, which is supplied from the house. A single monument, depicting "Calvary," is on the adjoining land, exquisitely carved in marble. It stands in a square plot of ground, round which is a border of neatly-trimmed furze, and marks the grave of Mr. Stirling Crawford.

Mr. J. Jewitt's establishment is the first we come to. Mr. Jewitt trains for Lord Calthorpe and Captain Machell, and the Captain has a very charming residence adjoining. The principal stables are built of stone and cement, relieved with brick, and with the fine old tower, with its clinging ivy—which stands over a well some sixty feet deep—the whole picture is striking to a high degree. No fewer than sixty-three horses can be lodged here, and young animals are broken in on an extensive meadow at the back. Wending our way across the yard, we learn that the blacksmith's shop here is the only private one in Newmarket. He of the brawny arms is certainly a fine strapping fellow. From a heap of shoes he singles out a plate covered with dust and rust, but to him decidedly precious. He straightens it out a bit with his hammer, and holds it up as a memento of a famous horse. It was worn by Seabreeze, who won the Leger and the Oaks. Our friend of the forge shoed



SEFTON LODGE—THE DUCHESS OF MONTROSE'S HOUSE.

Humewood, who carried off the Cesarewitch, and Harvester, who ran a dead heat with St. Gaten for the Derby.

"A pair of shoes lasts about three weeks on the average, sir," he said, replacing the little reminiscence of the triumph of Seabreeze. "Of course the horses don't run in ordinary shoes, such as they exercise in. Previous to running in the race, the shoes are taken off and the plates put on. This work is done by two brothers, whose special work it is to travel from one meeting to another for this particular purpose." Considering that the fee is 7s. 6d. for this, it seems to be a very profitable business. Then the blacksmith opens a door leading from the smithy into the "Bath." We had an excellent opportunity of seeing exactly what the "bath" was for; the morning was rainy, and the boys had come in soaked from exercising on the Heath.

In front of a great fire, hanging on huge clothes-horses, were the boys' garments "steaming," and the coloured horse-cloths undergoing the same process of drying. "The Bath" is a decidedly useful institution in wet weather. We had looked in at the harness room—every bit and bridle is in order, and every single trapping, whether part of the trappings of The Deemster or Blavatsky is

known—and were just noting a dozen jockeys in *embryo* struggling with pails full to the brim, when an interesting spectator, pointing to a little lad, said: "He's the second smallest in Newmarket, sir, and runs the Midget very close for quarters of inches."

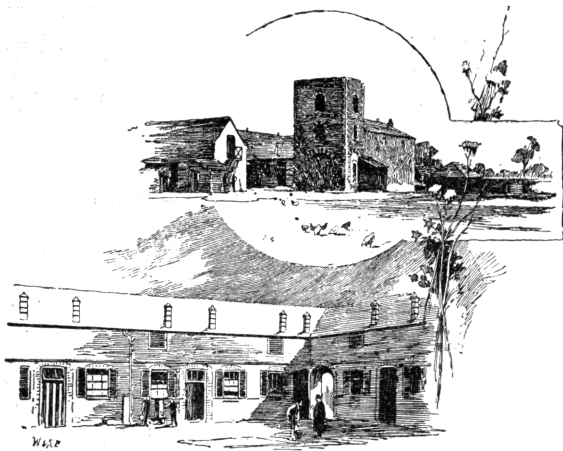
The young gentleman referred to as "he" answered to the name of Williamson, declared his age to be fifteen, and his height to be 4ft. 4in. He was sketched whilst standing the picture of ease and comfort at the coachhouse door.

Just opposite the sign-post which directs the traveller to Fordham, Soham, and Ely, is the house of Mr. Tom Jennings, Sen., who trains exclusively for Prince Soltykoff. The house and stable are built almost entirely of red brick. The great square yard,

round which run the stables, has in the very centre a curiosity in its way. It is an old railway carriage, and a peep inside will reveal the fact that it is very usefully utilised for various domestic purposes of a culinary character.

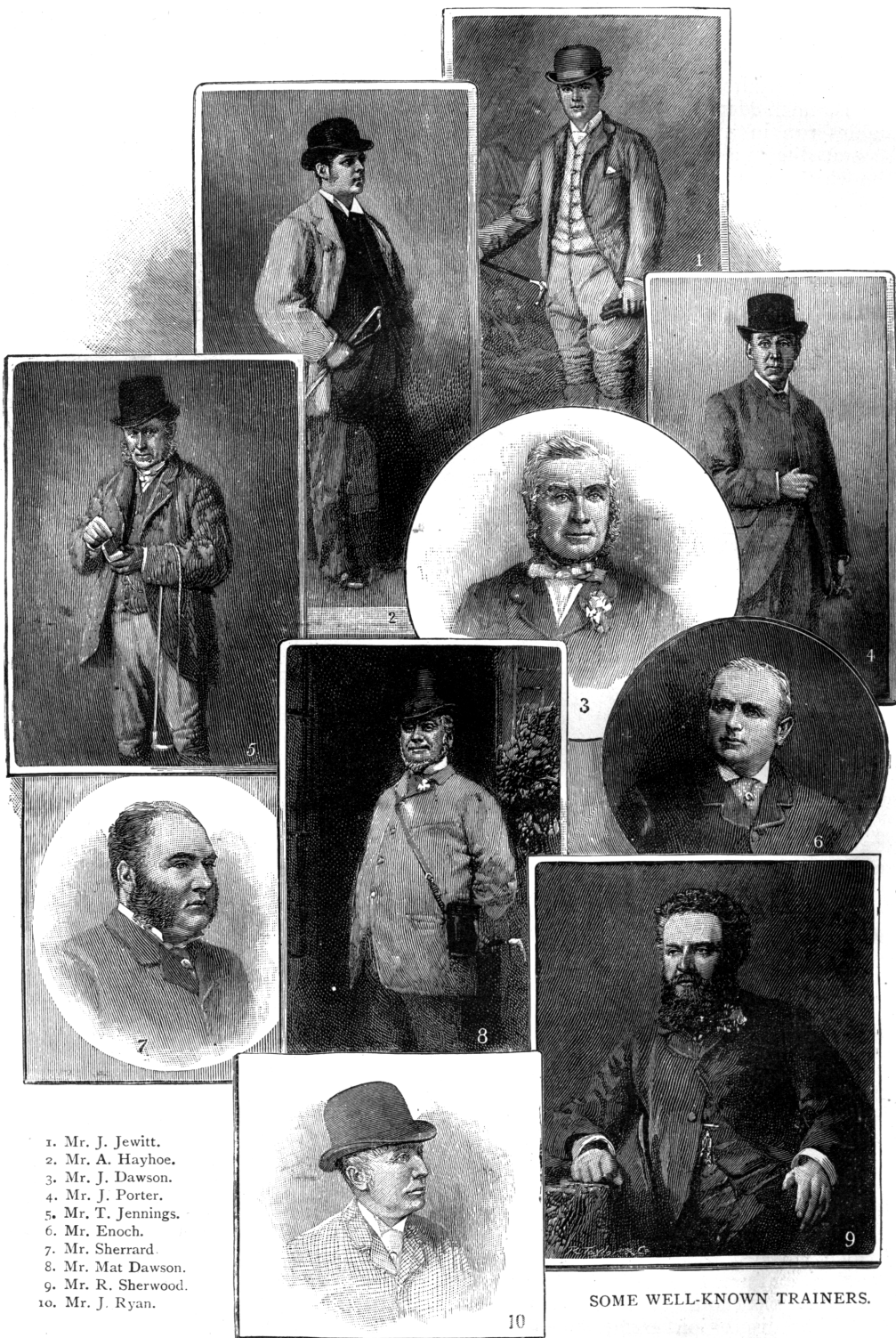
In the immediate vicinity are Mr. J. Enoch's, Mr. Percy Peck's, and Mr. Matthew Dawson's establishments.

Mr. Percy Peck's place becomes more interesting from the fact that he lives in the late Fred Archer's old home, "Falmouth House." The house itself is architecturally



WATER TOWER AND COURTYARD OF J. JEWITT'S STABLES.





SOME WELL-KNOWN TRAINERS.





I should think it was. Supposing you got up just after the sun, gave a thoroughbred a couple of handfuls of corn, jumped on his back, and did a couple of hours' gallop over the Heath before breakfast. You'd have to travel many a mile before you'd

There is a Stable Lads' Institute in connection with All Saints' Schools, where these boys may pass a good evening at all kinds of games, except cards. We also visited the Temperance Hotel, where a score or two of lads seemed to be enjoying cups of excellent coffee, cake, and similar delicacies. In the reading-room adjoining the temperance buffet others were reading the daily, illustrated, and sporting papers, whilst one youth was playing a merry air on a piano in the corner.

It was whilst turning back again in the direction of Mr. John Dawson's, Sen., that we wan-

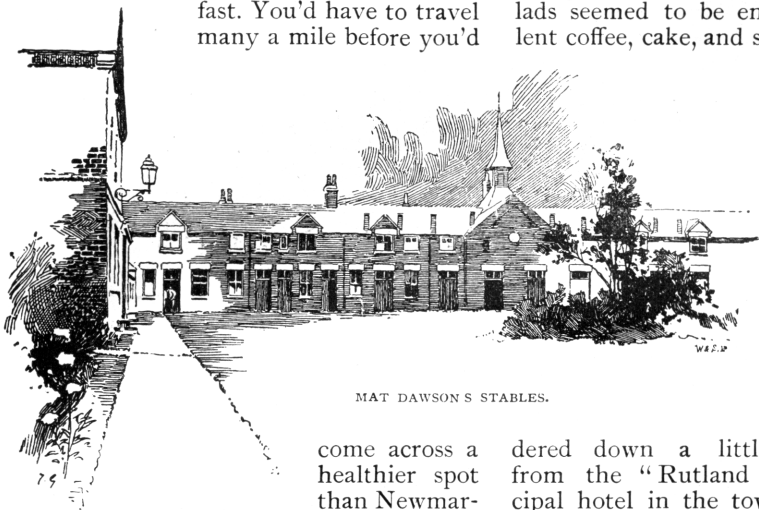
come across a healthier spot than Newmarket Heath.

Why, people come here, after they have found the sea air no good to them, and find the very thing to brighten them up," and the lad's eyes glistened, and his tanned face became more flushed as he went on. "When a race is on, the boy in charge of a horse takes it away, and really lives with it until it comes home again. We get six shillings a day for that.

The regular wages vary up to 14s. or 16s., according to the time of service. Many of us live 'indoors,' that is, on the premises, and others lodge out. Clothing is expensive, and you must dress, you know, sir. These little cricket caps, which every lad wears, cost 3s. 6d., his leggings half a guinea, and his breeches twenty-five shillings."

We had arrived in the middle of the High-street, and our future wearer of the pigskin bid us "good-day." It is gratifying to learn one thing.

dered down a little by-street, leading from the "Rutland Arms"—the principal hotel in the town—and came across one of the prettiest stables we had seen. This was Mr. A. Hayhoe's, who trains for Baron A. de Rothschild and Leopold de Rothschild. Nothing could be prettier. The stables are white, with green shutters, and creeping plants are everywhere. In the centre of the yard a bed of shrubs has been laid out, in the midst of which stands a quaint-looking, old-fashioned pigeon-house, surmounted by a weather-



MAT DAWSON'S STABLES.



MAT DAWSON'S HOUSE.

cock and a jockey on horseback. The house—where the trainer lives—looks on to the yard, and



BANSTEAD MANOR,  
LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S HOUSE.

is covered with ivy. The whole scene is a picture, and more so

now, for the gravel path has been strewn with straw, and the lads are riding round in a circle, as a little preliminary to going on to the Heath.

Baron Rothschild's house is exactly opposite. It is a great square building, the bricks of which are almost entirely hidden from view by the ivy which runs round every window. It stands on the site of the old palace, as does also the Congregational Church and schoolroom in the immediate vicinity. Just here, too, another bit of old Newmarket may be met with. Westley's yard constitutes the site of a half-dozen old-time abodes, with the roof casements of long ago. The residents of Westley's yard may point to their pump with pride. It supplies them with good spring water, and is one of the few reminders of bygone days.

Certainly not the least interesting house we visited was that of Mr. John Dawson, Sen., who trains principally for Sir R. Jardine. "Warren House" training establishment is situated at one corner of the Heath—already referred to as being in close proximity to the station. An hour or two spent here did much to show exactly how the work of a training establishment is carried on. Previous to going through the stables, however, a pretty little incident

occurred, which should find a place in these pages. We were standing for a moment beneath the porch of the house, where great bunches of sea-weed hung, those useful marine prophets of the movements of Clerk of the Weather. Immediately the door was opened a bright little girl of some six summers, in a pretty plaid dress and frilled white pinafore, came bounding down the stairs. It was

little Nellie Rose Archer. Now little Miss Nellie has a pet donkey, with the simple and easily remembered name of Billy. Every morning, should the seaweed in the porch so decree, Miss Nellie has her pet harnessed to the prettiest of diminutive wagonettes, and taking the reins, goes for her morning drive.

Billy, be it known, is a racer. A short time ago some local sports were taking place in Newmarket, in which there was a race confined exclusively to donkeys. What more natural than that Billy should be entered? Billy *was* entered, and, what is more, won the prize. Great were the efforts brought to bear upon little Miss Nellie to allow her pet to run in another race; but no, the six-year-old mistress was immovable. And why? Well, we heard a part of this story from the child's own lips, and when we put this question to her the reply was:—

*"Because I wanted Billy to have an unbeaten record!"*

Our picture of little Miss Archer (page 170), for which she specially had the not-to-be-beaten Billy harnessed, was expressly taken for this magazine.

The stables at Warren House are admirably built in white brick, and are of effective design. Something like thirty-six horses could be stabled here at one time. Passing down the stables, painted buff and white, some of the boys we observe plaiting the straw which makes a neat and trim edging for the stalls, whilst others are grooming

their horses, accompanied by that unexplainable hissing noise. The kicking-boards are of hard elm. It is noticeable, too, that the pails of the establishment are painted

a pair of feline jockeys on it. We stay for a moment to admire Rentpayer, which cost 2,350 guineas, and we are by no means unmindful of the beauty of Lady Primrose, a sister of Lady Rosebery.

Then the head stable lad imparts a highly sensational bit of information. It was away back to 1875 when Prince Batthyany's Galopin won the Derby. Our friend here had charge of the horse. "Why, do you know, sir," he said, "I slept in the same stall as that horse did for three weeks, so as to make sure that not a living soul got near him; and then when

the beauty was sent to Epsom to run in the great race, and win, sir, as I knew he would, although there were a couple of detectives watching, yet I stood outside the stable door all night. I was rewarded though, sir, wasn't I? Didn't the beauty ride home grand?"

A sort of trap door above is pointed out to us. This is the shoot down which the corn comes, and the hay and straw is brought down in a similar fashion. Some fifteen hundredweight of straw is used every week. The granary is over the stables, as are also the rooms allotted to the

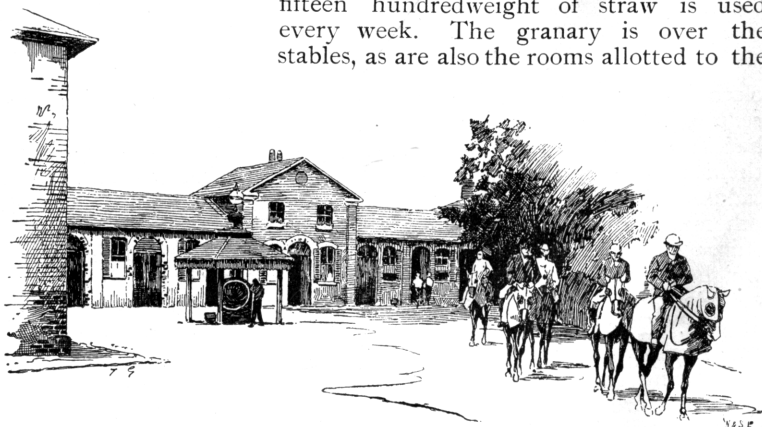


A CORNER OF A. HAYHOE'S STABLES.

with the colours of the trainer.

The jockeys who ride for this stable invariably wear a blue jacket and black cap, hence the pails are painted blue, with black hoops. This rule seems to be general.

There are some half-dozen cats about the place, and whilst the various horses are being pointed out a sight is presented, of frequent occurrence here, but highly interesting to the stranger. Wiseman is a beautiful chestnut of six years. The horse has a splendid record, and from a "two-year old" upwards has brought many valuable prizes to its owner. But Wiseman is never so happy as when a pet cat is lying down on the straw of its stall and purring at its feet. The cat, however, has strayed from its customary place, and has managed to get on to the back of Nickel, another horse some distance from Wiseman's place of abode. The cat, moreover, has also taken up a kitten with it, and Nickel's back presents a most pleasing picture with



COURTYARD, JOHN DAWSON'S STABLES.

boys who live on the premises. One hundred and forty sacks of oats can be easily stored away in the granary, and it is

necessary to always have a plentiful supply, for, to put it in the words of one of the stable lads, "orses eat 'earty." It is all a mistake to think that horses in training are starved. Such is far from the case. They are well fed, and always regularly to a moment. When a horse is going to run in a race, the animal will be kept short of water, and it will be sent on its momentous journey with a meal of a couple of handfuls of oats; but otherwise, your racing horse fares well, and on the best of everything.

Next to the granary is the "Wardrobe," where all the best things are kept. The boxes are full of smart clothing, which is only worn on special occasions. Then we try the weighing machine which is used for trial weights, and examine great pieces of lead which are strapped into the saddle

—black and blue. A couple of perambulators, now no longer needed, are in the far corner, one of which is particularly interesting. It is of wicker work, lined with blue satin, and decorated with hand-worked flowers. It was brought from America by little Miss Archer's father as a present. A beautiful cross in Newmarket Cemetery marks the grave of poor Archer, where he, his wife, and infant son William lie buried.

"But that's not a race-horse," we exclaim, suddenly coming across an old black hack, whose appearance is scarcely so spick and span as its neighbours.

"No," replies our guide. "You see, the head lad never rides a horse that is in training, but always a hack;" and with this information we hurry across the yard, down the street leading from the station,



MISS ARCHER AND "BILLY."

cloths to make up the necessary weight as required. The very saddles which we handle are not without interest. Many of them are great heavy specimens of the saddle-maker's art, weighing 21 lbs., and others delicate little samples of workmanship, which are used for racing, and when weighed with stirrups and band, and all complete, would just about turn the scale at 3 lbs. The saddles used when exercising the horses weigh 10 lbs.

Noticing the many effectual appliances in case of fire, we pass once more into the yard where is Miss Archer's carriage-house. The door is drawn back, and there in miniature is a victoria and the identical wagonette already mentioned. These two are painted in the colours of Warren House

past the Jubilee Clock at the top of the town.

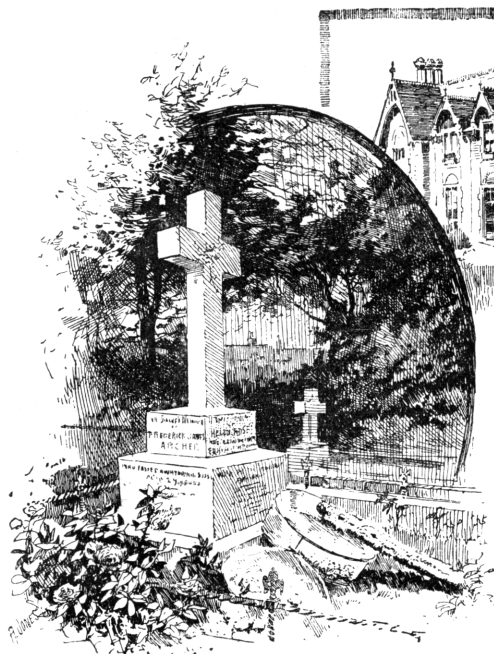
It was night when we turned up a narrow pathway leading to Lord Durham's training establishment, presided over by Mr. A. B. Sadler. The bells of St. Mary's, the parish church, were ringing merrily, and the rooks were making their presence known amongst the boughs of the fine trees which overlook the meadow at the back. The horses were shut up for the night, and our reason for coming here was to note the aspect of the all-important stable at the close of the day. Not a sound was to be heard, only the playing of the stable boys—for through a window looking on to the yard might be seen these playful youths, with their coats and waist-

coats cast aside, boxing, dancing, chatting, and indulging in innocent play, whilst their laughter was all that disturbed the stillness of this picturesque corner.

Having thus visited many of the principal training establishments, there is plenty yet to interest one about the town itself. The High-street at early morn presents a most picturesque sight. Scarcely a vehicle is to be seen, the fine wide thoroughfare is given up to the horses, who, with the stable lads on their backs, are walking slowly in the direction of the Heath for their customary "before breakfast" exercise. Picture the scene in the High-street on the day of a race

in the olden days); the Beacon Course, which is practically straight, and is just over four miles in length; and the Rowley Mile, a trifle over the mile. These principal courses are split up into a score of smaller ones, over which special races are run.

The Post Office at Newmarket is a busy place on a big race day. It is not without a history, for it was originally a gambling house, and though the exterior remains just as it was years ago, the interior has undergone all the requisite alterations. Ten telegraph clerks are employed here at ordinary times, but when a great day comes round this number is increased to fifty.



FRED. ARCHER'S GRAVE.



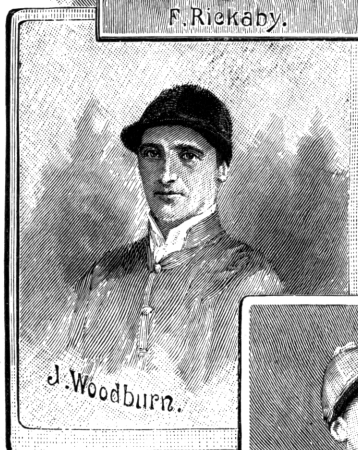
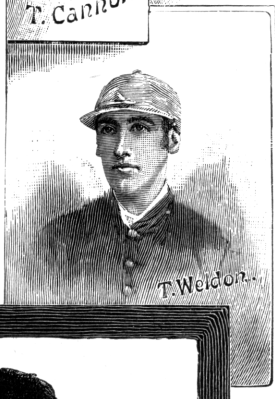
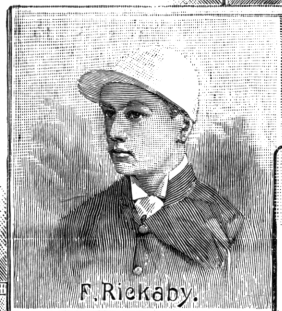
FRED. ARCHER'S HOUSE.

They will despatch and receive over ten thousand messages on a single day, and nearly thirty messengers will be required.

It is probable, however, that the most important as well as the most interesting building in Newmarket is the Jockey Club. Its exclusiveness is well known, but, as we were enabled to pass through its various rooms, a description of them and their contents may go far to satisfy those curiously inclined. The premises of the Jockey Club are almost exactly opposite the Post Office, and are distinguishable on account of their unpretentious aspect. Inside, the furnishing is more simple still. Every room is furnished, with one exception, in the same style—mahogany, upholstered in brown Russian leather; the reading-room alone has green leather in place of brown. The entrance is through a long passage, the entire length of which is white enamel, charmingly decorated with a fresco. Here is the Committee-room. Over the mantel-board—exquisitely carved—is a picture of a horse which won thirty-seven races. A bust of Admiral Rous is near the window, and there are pictures, too, of the late Duke

meeting. To really see Newmarket, so to speak, at its best, one must visit it on such a day, when it is one long procession of brakes and four-in-hands, wagonettes and dog-carts, and indeed all sorts and conditions of conveyances on their way to the top of the hill where the race-courses are situated. There are three principal race-courses at Newmarket: the July Course, which runs over the Devil's Ditch—(the Devil's Ditch, by the bye, is a cutting in the Wash, very much like a railway cutting, with all the ground thrown up on one side. It runs for several miles, and tradition says that it was a popular resort for cockfighting





R. Taylor & Co.



SOME WELL-KNOWN JOCKEYS.





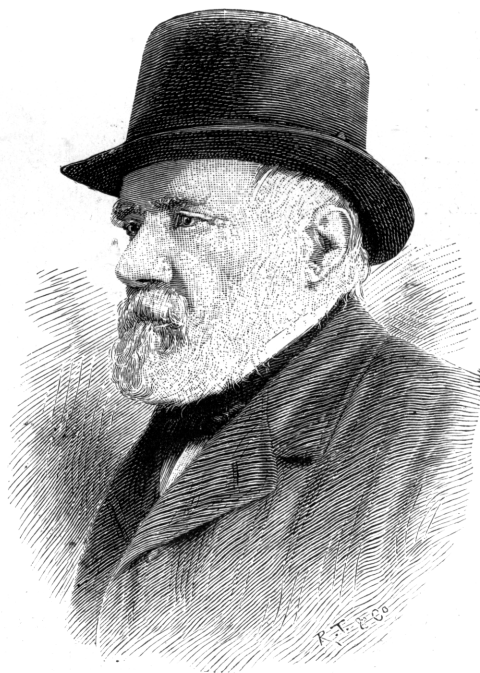
of Portland and the late Duke of Richmond. Round the sides of the room are portraits of all the members. That nearest the door is interesting; it is the only portrait there of which the original is living—the present Duke of Richmond. A magnificent cut glass chandelier hangs from the ceiling.

The dining-room is a fine apartment. There is a picture of Ormonde, and a canvas depicting the first racecourse at Newmarket, presented by the Duke of Beaufort. The two marble fireplaces are of the period of Queen Anne, and in a far corner is a huge champagne urn, carved in mahogany, and lined with silver, which, it is said, has not been filled for over twenty years. It was filled the first night it was presented. The coffee-room—an oblong apartment—contains a life-size portrait of Admiral Rous, with top-boots and riding whip. It bears the inscription: "Presented to Admiral the Hon. Henry John Rous by the Jockey Club and

members of Tattersall's Room, June 18, 1886, as part of the testimonial subscribed by them in grateful acknowledgment of his long and valuable services on the Turf." The reading-room stands on the site of the old courtyard, years ago part of the street. The library (arranged on four bookshelves) over the mantelpiece consists of a great number of volumes of a sporting nature. The card-room looks on to a fine tennis

lawn, and the little card-tables, covered with green baize, with spaces at the corners for the insertion of silver candelabra, are freely scattered about. A picture of the July Course hangs here, which Lord Falmouth pronounced to be by Hogarth.

Looking out of the great French windows, one has a good view of the residential chambers of the members of the great Sporting Club when staying at Newmarket. It is a handsome building of red brick, which runs the length of the lawn, contains some fifty rooms, and reached by a passage from the Club, the walls of which contain many



JUDGE CLARK.

small Hogarths. The first suite nearest to the Club premises are those used by the Prince of Wales. They are very quietly furnished in light wood, and the decorative portion is principally confined to a few pictures and odd knick-knacks in china. Amongst others who have rooms here are the Duke of Cambridge, Duke of Beaufort, Sir Frederick Johnstone, General Owen Williams, Mr. Chaplin, and other staunch supporters of the Turf.

We give portraits of as many of our leading jockeys as we could possibly find room for, and also those of some of the principal trainers. Mr. John Porter, to whom no previous reference has been made, is head of the Kingsclere stables, and, amongst others, trains for the Prince of Wales, Duke of Westminster, and Baron Hirsch. Mr. J. Ryan has the largest stables in Newmarket, at Green Lodge, and he looks after the interests of Mr. Douglas Baird, Mr. J. H. Houldsworth, and other owners. Mr. Robert Sherwood has horses belonging to Lord R. Churchill, Lord Dunraven, Colonel North, Colonel Montague, and Mr. Brydges Williams. A peep into Mr. Sherwood's hall discloses a fairyland. Flowers are everywhere, hanging in baskets, creeping round pillars, and gathered round fairy lamps. A pair of weighing scales find a place, and on either side of the hall are paintings of St. Gatten—trained by Mr. Sherwood—and Harvester, who ran level for first place in the Derby of 1884.

A portrait of the gentleman familiarly known as Mr. "Judge" Clark will be interesting to many. Mr. Clark resides at Newmarket, and until his retirement from the position was "judge" of the races for something like a period of fifty years. The view, too, at Tattersall's sale yard on a busy day will give a good idea of this famous resort, in which horses are bought for fabulous prices who afterwards win very little, and horses are bought for very little who afterwards win fortunes. "Yearlings," said the late Mr. Merry when he purchased Doncaster, "are a fearful lottery"; and the event proved the truth of the remark, for he was drawing a prize and did not know it—he was, in fact, for a sum of 950 guineas, purchasing



the Derby winner of 1873. Thormanby, the Derby winner of 1860, which belonged to Mr. Merry, cost only £350. Voltigeur and Caractacus fetched less than 300 guineas each, Kettledrum was obtained

for 350 guineas. Early Bird's price was only 70 guineas. The blood stock from which yearlings descend is of proportionate value. Formosa changed hands at 4,000 guineas, Scottish Chief was bought for 8,000 guineas, and Blair Athol, described by Mr. Tattersall, when he was led into the sale ring, as "the best horse in the world," was purchased for £12,000. Doncaster, whose yearling price we have

already mentioned, changed hands for £14,500.

In conclusion, thanks are due to all those who so readily assisted the writer in gathering the information required for this article, and without whose help it would have been impossible to have written as varied an account of Newmarket as we have been able to give, in the space at our disposal.



TATTERSALL'S SALE YARD.

## The Prisoner of Assiout.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

**I**T was a sultry December day at Medinet Habu. Grey haze spread dim over the rocks in the desert. The arid red mountains twinkled and winked through the heated air. I was weary with climbing the great dry ridge from the Tombs of the Kings. I sat on the broken arm of a shattered granite Rameses. My legs dangled over the side of that colossal fragment. In front of me vast colonnades stood out clear and distinct against the hot, white sky. Beyond lay bare hills; in the distance, to the left, the muddy Nile, amid green fields, gleamed like a thin silver thread in the sunlight.

A native, in a single dirty garment, sat sunning himself on a headless sphynx hard by. He was carving a water-melon with his knife—thick, red, ripe, juicy. I eyed it hard. With a gesture of Oriental politeness, he offered me a slice. It was too tempting to refuse, that baking hot day, in that rainless land, though I knew acceptance meant ten times its worth in the end in backsheesh.

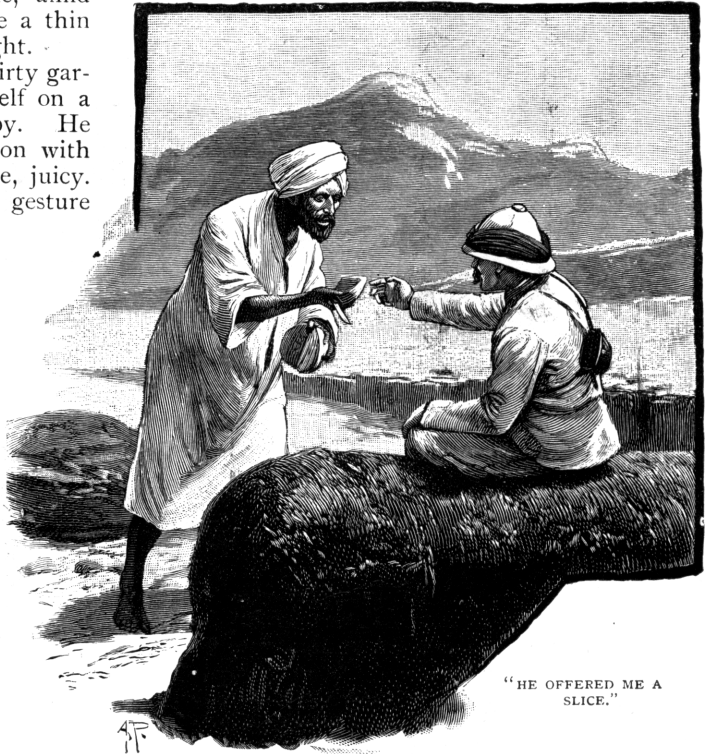
"Arabi?" I asked inquiringly of my Egyptian friend, which is, being interpreted, "Are you a Musulman?"

He shook his head firmly, and pointed with many nods to the tiny blue cross tattooed on his left wrist. "Nusráni," he answered, with a look of some pride. I smiled my acquiescence. He was a Nazarene, a Christian.

In a few minutes' time we had fallen into close talk of Egypt, past and present; the bad old days; the British occupation; the effect of strong government on the condition of the *jellahin*. To the Christian population of the Nile valley, of course,

the advent of the English has been a social revolution. For ages down-trodden, oppressed, despised, these Coptic schismatics at last find themselves suddenly, in the ends of the earth, co-religionists with the new ruling class in the country, and able to boast themselves in many ways over their old Moslem masters.

I speak but little colloquial Arabic myself, though I understand it with ease when it is spoken, so the conversation between us was necessarily somewhat one-sided. But my Egyptian friend soon grew voluble



enough for two, and the sight of the piastres laid in his dusky palm loosed the strings of his tongue to such an alarming extent that I began to wonder before long whether I should ever get back again to the Luxor Hotel in time for dinner.

"Ah, yes, excellency," my Copt said slowly, when I asked him at last about the

administration of justice under Ismail's rule, "things were different then, before the English came, as Allah willed it. It was stick, stick, every month of the year. No prayers availed; we were beaten for everything. If a fellah didn't pay his taxes when crops were bad, he was lashed till he found them; if he was a Christian, and offended the least Moslem official, he was stripped to the skin, and ruthlessly bastinadoed. And then, for any insubordination, it was death outright—hanging or beheading, slash, so, with a scimitar." And my companion brought his hand round in a whirl with swishing force, as if he were decapitating some unseen criminal on the bare sand before him.

"The innocent must often have been punished with the guilty," I remarked, in my best Arabic, looking vaguely across at him.

"Ah, yes," he assented, smiling. "So Allah ordained. But sometimes, even then, the saints were kind; we got off unexpectedly. I could tell you a strange story that once happened to myself." His eyes twinkled hard. "It was a curious adventure," he went on; "the effendi might like, perhaps, to hear it. I was condemned to death, and all but executed. It shows the wonderful ways of Allah."

These Coptic Christians, indeed, speaking Arabic as they do, and living so constantly among a Musulman population, have imbibed many Mahomedan traits of thought, besides the mere accident of language, such as speaking of the Christian God as Allah. Fatalism has taken as strong a hold of their minds as of Islam itself. "Say on," I answered lightly, drawing a cigarette from my case. "A story is always of interest to me, my friend. It brings grist to the mill. I am a man of the pen. I write down in books all the strange things that are told me."

My Egyptian smiled again. "Then this tale of mine," he said, showing all his white teeth, and brushing away the flies from his sore eye as he spoke, "should be worth you money, for it's as strange as any of the Thousand and One Nights men tell for hire at Cairo. It happened to me near Assiout, in Ismail's days. I was a bold young man then—too bold for Egypt. My father had a piece of ground by the river side that was afterwards taken from us by Ismail for the Daira.

"In our village lived a Sheikh, a very hard man; a Musulman, an Arab, a de-

scendant of the Prophet. He was the greatest Sheikh for miles and miles around. He had a large white house, with green blinds to the windows, while all the rest of us in his government lived in mud-built huts, round and low like beehives. He had date palms, very many, and doums, and doura patches. Camels were his, and buffaloes, and asses, and cows; 'twas a very rich man; oh, so rich and powerful. When he went forth to town he rode on a great white mule. And he had a harem, too; three wives of his own, who were beautiful as the day—so girls who had seen them said, for as for us, we saw them not—plump women every one of them, as the Khedive's at Cairo, with eyes like a gazelle's, marked round with kohl, and their nails stained red every day with henna. All the world said the Sheikh was a happy man, for he had the finest dates of the country to eat, and servants and camels in plenty to do his bidding.

"Now, there was a girl in our village, a Nusráni like me, a beautiful young girl; and her name was Laila. Her eyes were like those of that child there—Zanobi—who carries the effendi's water-gourd on her head, and her cheeks were round and soft as a grape after the inundation. I meant to wed her; and she liked me well. In the evening we sat and talked together under the whispering palm-trees. But when the time drew near for me to marry her, and I had arranged with her parents, there came a message from the Sheikh. He had seen the girl by the river as she went down to draw water with her face unveiled, and, though she was a Nusráni, she fired his soul, and he wished to take her away from me to put her into his harem.

"When I heard that word I tore my clothes in my rage, and, all Christian that I was, and of no account with the Moslems, I went up to the Sheikh's house in a very white anger, and I fell on my face and asked leave to see him.

"The Sheikh sat in his courtyard, inside his house, and gave audience to all men, after the fashion of Islam. I entered, and spoke to him. 'Oh, Sheikh,' I said, boldly, 'Allah and the Khedive have prospered you with exceeding great prosperity. You have oxen and asses, buffaloes and camels, men-servants and maid-servants, much millet and cotton and corn and sugar-cane; you drink Frank wine every day of your life, and eat the fat of the land; and your harem is full of beautiful women. Now in the



"WE SAT AND TALKED TOGETHER."

village where I live is a Nusráni girl, whose name is Laila. Her eyes are bright towards mine, and I love her as the thirsty land loves water. Yet, hear, O Sheikh; word is brought me now that you wish to take this girl, who is mine; and I come to plead with you to-day as Nathan the Prophet pleaded with David, the King of the Beni Israel. If you take away from me my Laila, my one ewe lamb——

"But, at the word, the Sheikh rose up, and clenched his fist, and was very angry. 'Who is this dog,' he asked, 'that he should dare to dictate to me?' He called to his slaves that waited on his nod. 'Take this fellow,' he cried in his anger, 'and tie him hand and foot, and flog him as I bid on his naked back, that he may know, being a Christian, an infidel dog, not to meddle with the domestic affairs of Moslems. It were well he were made acquainted with his own vileness by the instrumentality of a hundred lashes. And go to-morrow and bring Laila to me, and take care that this Copt shall never again set eyes on her!'

"Well, effendi, at the words, three strong Arabs seized me—fierce sons of the desert—and bound me hand and foot, and beat me with a hundred lashes of the kurbash till my soul was sick and faint within me. I swooned with the disgrace and with the severity of the blows. And I was young in those days. And I was very angry.

"That night I went home to my own mud hut, with black blood in my heart, and took counsel with my brother Sirgeh how I should avenge this insult. But first I sent word by my brother to Laila's hut that Laila's father should bring her to meet us in the dusk, in very great secrecy, by the bank of the river. In the grey twilight she came down. A dahabiah was passing,

and in it was a foreigner, a very great prince, an American prince of great wealth and wisdom. I remember his name even. Perhaps the effendi knows him. He was Cyrus P. Quackenboss, and he came from Cincinnati."

"I have not the honour," I answered, smiling at this very unexpected Western intrusion.

"Well, anyhow," my Copt continued, unheeding my smile, "we hailed the dahabiah, and made the American prince understand how the matter stood. He was very kind. We were brother Christians. He took Laila on board, and promised to deliver her safe to her aunt at Karnak, so that the Sheikh might not know where the girl was gone, nor send to fetch her. And the counsel I took next with my brother was this. In the dead of night I rose up from my hut, and put a mask of white linen over the whole of my face, to conceal my features, and stole out alone, with a thick stick in my hands, and went to the Sheikh's house, down by the bank of the





"THREE STRONG ARABS SEIZED ME."

river. As I went, the jackals prowled around the village for food, and the owls from the tombs flitted high in the moonlight.

"I broke into the Sheikh's room by the flat-roofed outhouse that led to his window, and I locked the door; and there, before the Sheikh could rouse his household, I beat him, blow for blow, within an inch of his life, in revenge for my own beating, and because of his injustice in trying to take my Laila from me. The Sheikh was a powerful man, with muscles like iron, and he grappled me hard, and tried to wrench the stick from me, and bruised me about the body by flinging me on the ground; and I was weak with my beating, and very sore all over. But still, being by nature a strong young man, very fierce with anger, I fought him hard, and got him under in the end, and thwacked him till he was as black and blue as I myself was, one mass of bruises from head to foot with my cudgelling. Then, just as his people succeeded in forcing the door, I jumped out of the window upon the flat-roofed outhouse, and leapt lightly to the ground, and darted like a jackal across the open cotton-fields and between the plots of doura to my own little

hut on the outskirts of the village. I reached there panting, and I knew the Sheikh would kill me for my daring.

"Next morning, early, the Sheikh sent to arrest me. He was blind with rage and with effect of the blows: his face was livid, and his cheeks purple. 'By the beard of the Prophet, Athanasio,' he said to me, hitting me hard on the cheek—my name is Athanasio, effendi, after our great patriarch—'your blood shall flow for this, you dog of a Christian. You dare to assault the wearer of a green turban, a prince in Islam, a descendant of the Prophet! You shall suffer for it, you cur! Your base blood shall flow for it!'

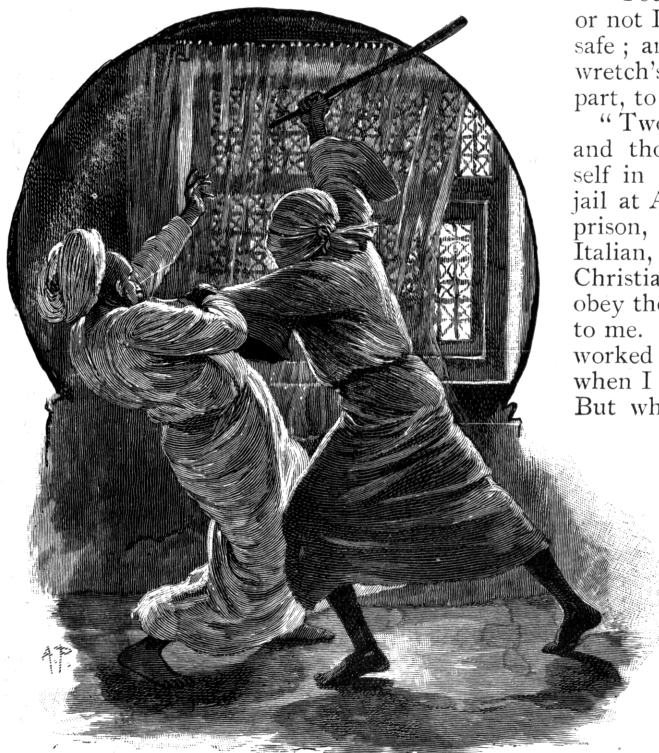
"I cast myself down, like a slave, on the ground before him—though I hated him like sin: for it is well to abase oneself in due time before the face of authority. Besides, by that time, Laila was safe, and that was all I cared about. 'Suffer for what, O my Sheikh?' I cried, as though I knew not what he meant. 'What have I done to your Excellency? Who has told you evil words concerning your poor servant? Who has slandered me to my lord, that he is so angry against me?'

"'Take him away!'



the three strong Arabs. 'Carry him off to be tried before the Cadi at Assiout.'

"For even in Ismail's days, you see, effendi, before the English came, the Sheikh himself would not have dared to put me to death untried. The power of life and death lay with the Cadi at Assiout.



"I FOUGHT HIM HARD"

"So they took me to Assiout, into the mosque of Ali, where the Cadi sat at the seat of judgment, and arraigned me before him a week later. There the Sheikh appeared, and bore witness against me. Those who spoke for me pleaded that, as the Sheikh himself admitted, the man who broke into his room, and banged him so hard, had his face covered with a linen cloth: how, then, could the Sheikh, in the hurry and the darkness, be sure he recognised me? Perhaps it was some other, who took this means to ruin me. But the Sheikh, for his part, swore by Allah, and by the Holy Stone of the Kaaba at Mecca, that he saw me distinctly, and knew it was I. The moonlight through the window revealed my form to him. And who else in the village but me had a grudge against his justice?

"The Cadi was convinced. The Cadi gave judgment. I was guilty of rebellion against the Sheikh and against ul-Islam; and, being a dog of a Christian, unworthy even to live, his judgment was that after three days' time I should be beheaded in the prison court of Assiout.

"You may guess, effendi, whether or not I was anxious. But Laila was safe; and to save my girl from that wretch's harem I was ready, for my part, to endure anything.

"Two nights long I lay awake and thought strange things by myself in the whitewashed cells of the jail at Assiout. The governor of the prison, who was a European—an Italian, he called himself—and a Christian of Roum, of those who obey the Pope, was very kind indeed to me. He knew me before (for I had worked in his fields), and was sorry when I told him the tale about Laila. But what would you have? Those were Ismail's days. It was the law of Islam. He could not prevent it.

"On the third evening, my brother came round to the prison to see me. He came with many tears in his eyes, bringing evil tidings. My poor old father, he said, was dying at home with grief. They didn't expect he would live till morning. And Laila, too, had stolen back from Karnak unperceived, and

was in hiding in the village. She wished to see me just once before I died. But if she came to the prison, the Sheikh would find her out, and carry her off in triumph to his own harem.

"Would the governor give me leave to go home just that one night, to bid farewell to Laila and to my dying father?

"Now, the governor, excellency, was a very humane man. And though he was a Christian of Roum, not a Copt like us, he was kind to the Copts as his brother Christians. He pondered awhile to himself, and roped his moustache thus; then he said to me:

"Athanasio, you are an honest man; the execution is fixed for eight by the clock to-morrow morning. If I give you leave to go home to your father to-night, will you pledge me your word of honour

before St. George and the saints, to return before seven ?'

"'Effendi,' I said, kissing his feet, 'you are indeed a good man. I swear by the mother of God and all the saints that dwell in heaven, that if you let me go, I will come back again a full hour before the time fixed for the execution.' And I meant it, too, for I only wished before I died to say good-bye once more to Laila.

"Well, the governor took me secretly into his own house, and telling me many

am to break my word of honour to the governor of the prison.'

"'That isn't it,' he made reply. 'I have a plan of my own which I will proceed in words to make clear before you.'

"What happened next would be long to relate, effendi." But I noticed that the fellah's eyes twinkled as he spoke, like one who passes over of set purpose an important episode. "All I need tell you now is, that the whole night through the good governor lay awake, wondering whether or not I



"'EFFENDI!' I SAID, KISSING HIS FEET."

times over that he trusted to my honour, and would lose his place if it were known he had let me go, he put me forth, with my brother, by his own private door, making me swear on no account to be late for the execution.

"As soon as I got outside, I said to my brother, 'Tell me, Sirgeh, at whose house is Laila?'

"And my brother answered and smiled, 'Laila is still at Karnak, where we sent her for safety, and our father is well. But I have a plan for your escape that I think will serve you.'

"'Never!' I cried, horror-struck, 'if I

would come home to time, and blaming himself in his heart for having given such leave to a mere condemned criminal. Still, effendi, though I am but poor, I am a man of honour. As the clock struck six in the prison court next morning, I knocked at the governor's window with the appointed signal; and the governor rose, and let me in to my cell, and praised me for my honour, and was well pleased to see me. 'I knew, Athanasio,' he said, roping his moustache once more, 'you were a man to be trusted.'

"At eight o'clock they took me out into the courtyard. The executioner was there already, a great black Nubian, with a very

sharp scimitar. It was terrible to look around ; I was greatly frightened. 'Surely,' said I to myself, 'the bitterness of death is past. But Laila is saved ; and I die for Laila.'

"I knelt down and bent my head. I feared, after all, no respite was coming. The executioner stood forth and raised the scimitar in his hand. I almost thought I heard it swish through the air ; I saw the bright gleam of the blade as it descended. But just at that moment, as the executioner delayed, a loud commotion arose in the

voice again he cried to the executioner, 'In Allah's name, Hassan, let there be no execution !'

"The lookers-on, to right and left, raised a mighty cry, and called out with one voice, 'The Sheikh ! The Sheikh ! Who can have thus disfigured him ?'

"But the Sheikh himself came forward in great pain, like one whose bones ache, and, dismounting from the mule, spoke aloud to the governor. 'In Allah's name,' he said, trembling, 'let this man go ; he is innocent. I swore to him falsely, though



"THE EXECUTIONER RAISED HIS SCIMITAR."

outer court. I raised my head and listened. We heard a voice cry, 'In Allah's name, let me in. There must be no execution !' The gates opened wide, and into the inner-courtyard there rode with long strides a great white mule, and on its back, scarcely able to sit up, a sorry figure !

"He was wrapped round in bandages, and swathed from head to foot like a man sore wounded. His race was bruised, and his limbs swollen. But he upheld one hand in solemn warning, and in a loud

I believed it to be true. For see, last night, about twelve o'clock, the self-same dog who broke into my house before, entered my room, with violence, through the open window. He carried in his hands the self-same stick as last time, and had his face covered, as ever, with a linen cloth. And I knew by his figure and his voice he was the very same dog that had previously beaten me. But before I could cry aloud to rouse the house, the infidel had fallen upon me once more, and thwacked me, as

you see, within an inch of my life, and covered me with bruises, and then bid me take care how I accused innocent people like Athanasio of hurting me. And after that he jumped through the open window and went away once more. And I was greatly afraid, fearing the wrath of Allah, if I let this man Athanasio be killed in his stead, though he is but an infidel. And I rose and saddled my mule very early, and rode straight into Assiout, to tell you and the Cadi I had borne false witness, and to save myself from the guilt of an innocent soul on my shoulders.

"Then all the people around cried out with one voice, 'A miracle! a miracle!' And the Sheikh stood trembling beside, with faintness and with terror.

"But the governor drew me a few paces apart.

"'Athanasio, you rascal,' he said, half laughing, 'it is you that have done this thing! It is you that have assaulted him!

You got out last night on your word of honour on purpose to play this scurvy trick upon us!'

"'Effendi,' I made answer, bowing low, 'life is sweet; he beat me, unjustly, first, and he would have taken my Laila from me. Moreover, I swear to you, by St. George and the mother of God, when I left the prison last night I really believed my father was dying.'

"The governor laughed again. 'Well, you can go, you rogue,' he said. 'The Cadi will soon come round to deliver you. But I advise you to make yourself scarce as fast as you can, for sooner or later this trick of yours may be discovered. I can't tell upon you, or I would lose my place. But you may be found out, for all that. Go, at once, up the river.'

"That is my hut that you see over yonder, effendi, where Laila and I live. The Sheikh is dead. And the English are now our real lords in Egypt."

## The Music of Birds.



At this season of the year there is no necessity to say one word in praise of our song birds. Their notes are to be heard on every hand, in delicious profusion. Whether it is the rich warbling of the thrush and blackbird, the thrilling song of the skylark, the sweet, low voice of the wood-pigeon, or the "link'd sweetness, long drawn out," of the nightingale, there is a charm of rich variety, which is always pleasing. It is difficult to put their melody into music. The timbre of the tone cannot be actually approached by any musical instrument. Then, again, they are mostly very untrue—musically—in their singing. The thrush is

the great exception. The first three notes of his song descend in perfect seconds, with a purity of tone unsurpassable—a quality strikingly absent amongst most of the feathered songsters. They find a response (the principle of true melody) in the ascending tones immediately following.

What has been attempted here is to give an idea of the construction of the songs of the chief British birds, showing that there is a certain method in the singing, and that it is based on melodic principles. No satisfactory result will be obtained by playing them on a piano, the piano being the least realistic approach to a bird-note. But whistled "under the breath," it gives a good imitation in proper tonality.

### THE BLACKBIRD.

The blackbird's song is distinguished from that of the thrush by being pitched in a lower key, by less abruptness, and an



apparent want of freedom in delivery. It is the baritone among birds. The strain is, nevertheless, rich and mellow. On being disturbed, it utters a sharp, chattering, long-continued cry, which ceases when it has gained a place of safety. In captivity it can be taught to whistle a variety of tunes,

and even to imitate the human voice. It is astonishing what amount of variation of emphasis and tone it can give to the same note. Even in its native state the blackbird is something of a mimic, and will imitate the notes of other birds with remarkable accuracy, even teaching itself to crow like a cock, and to cackle like a hen.

## THE CANARY.

The canary has much of the nightingale's and skylark's song. In freedom each flock has its own song. In captivity the quality varies largely, some uttering soft and

borne in mind that no caged canary sings a natural note—that is, the habitual strain of the wild race. In the illustration given can be traced a similarity of method in the



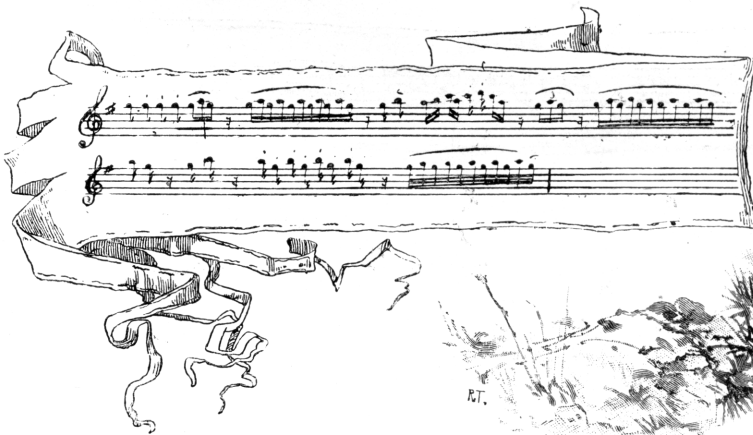
agreeable notes, and others indulging in a succession of noisy bursts. Those are most valued that introduce most passages from the song of the nightingale. It should be

opening notes to that of the nightingale. A canary can, however, be taught to imitate the notes of almost any bird, or to pipe, like a trained bullfinch, a bar or two of a popular air, and even to speak a few words, though this is very rare in a wild state. The colour of a canary, like its song, is quite different from that which it acquires in captivity, being a kind of dappled olive-green; but the bird-fanciers, by careful selection, are able to produce canaries of almost every tint between black, green, and yellow.

## THE LINNET.

The linnet's song is lively and varied, and no bird is so easily tamed. When confined with other birds it readily learns their

then bursting simultaneously into one general chorus, then again resuming their single strains, and once more joining in

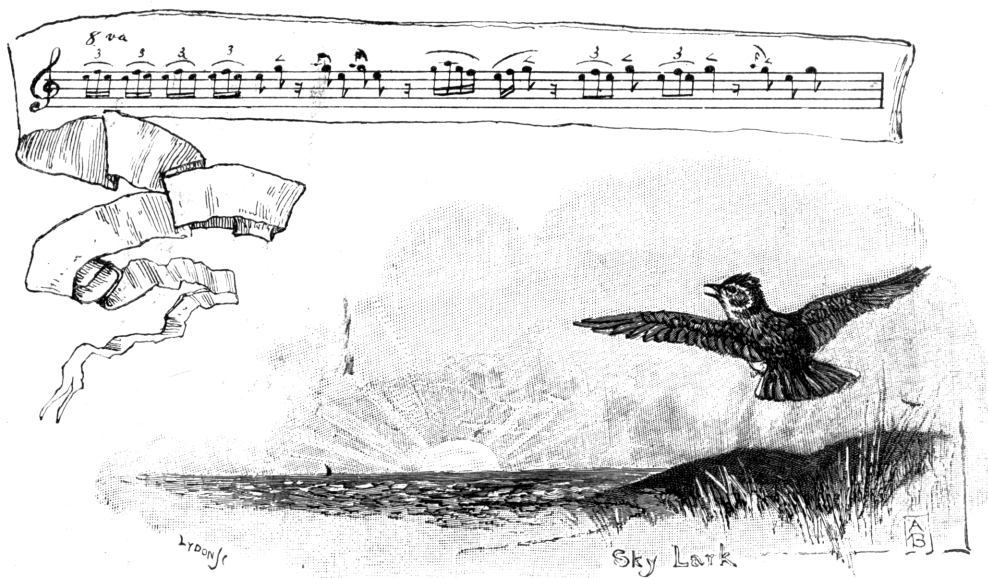


song. In the winter linnets may be seen congregating towards the close of a fine winter evening, pluming themselves in the last rays of the sun, chirruping the commencement of their vesper song; and

chorus. In the caged linnet the strain is rapid and varied; often a prolonged extemporising most difficult to represent accurately.



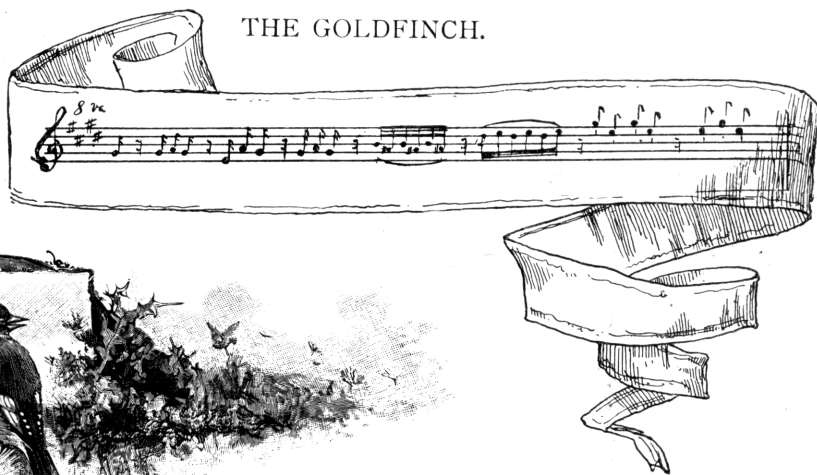
## THE SKYLARK.



The skylark, or laverock, is deservedly conspicuous among our singing birds, and is the only one that warbles while on the wing. As it leaves its ground nest and almost perpendicularly, by successive jumps, rises higher and higher, it indulges in a gush of cheerful song unequalled by any

English bird. It is a fact not generally known, that as it rises it makes a corresponding crescendo, not, however, sufficiently marked to counteract the natural diminution of increasing distance. Then, after passing out of sight, the bird drops as if exhausted, only to mount and sing again.

## THE GOLDFINCH.



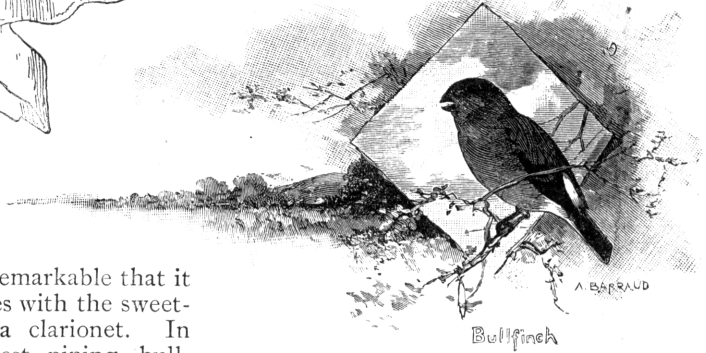
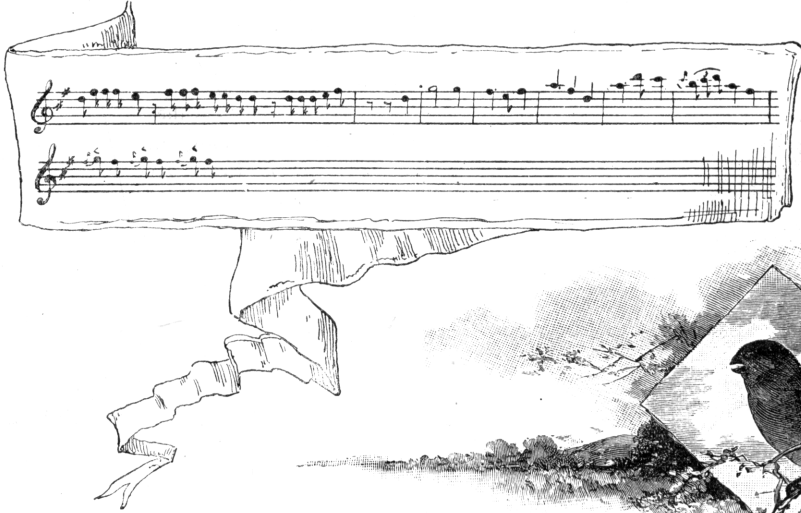
The goldfinch is a rapid singer, and can be taught to pipe like the bullfinch. It has, however, a natural song of its own, of

which an indication is here given. Goldfinches delight to sing in chorus, and there are few prettier sights than a cloud of these birds fluttering along a hedge, chasing the thistle-down as it is whirled away by the breeze, and uttering all the while their merry, sweet notes.

## THE BULLFINCH.

The bullfinch in its natural state is by no means remarkable as a songster, but its and these the birds will pipe perfectly as to time and tune. The teacher keeps his

birds separate, and plays the tune to be learned on a flageolet or a bird-organ—preferably the former, as the bird-organ,



Bullfinch

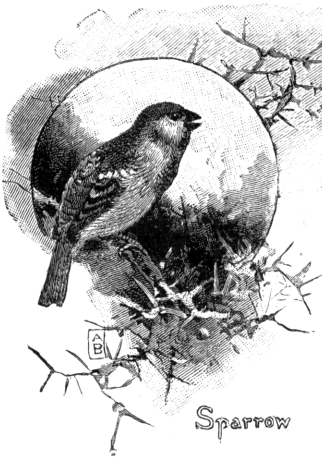
power of imitation is so remarkable that it can be taught to pipe tunes with the sweetness and intonation of a clarinet. In Germany, where the finest piping bullfinches come from, boys are employed to pipe to the birds the whole day long. The consequence is that most of the bullfinches heard here pipe German airs. The two "free" tunes mostly affected in this country are "The Mousetrap" and "Polly Perkins,"

while giving a mechanical precision of note, gives also a total absence of feeling. If they are permitted to hear other birds while being taught, they are apt to jumble up foreign notes with the air which they are learning, in a most absurd manner.

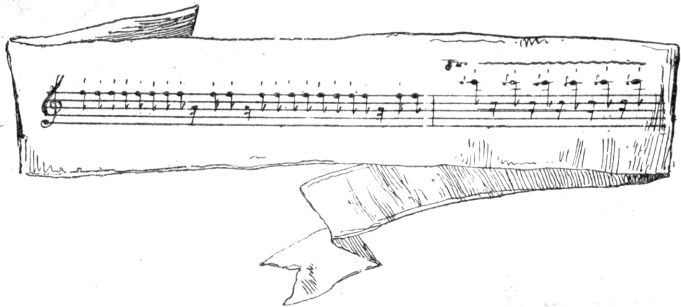
## THE SPARROW.

The sparrow is by no means a contemptible songster, its strain being soft, sweet, and varied. Its lively chirp is heard from

first thing in the morning; and they often unite in a chattering chorus. It is but a note and a grace note, uttered first by one and then another; but the *ensemble* is pretty and musical.



Sparrow



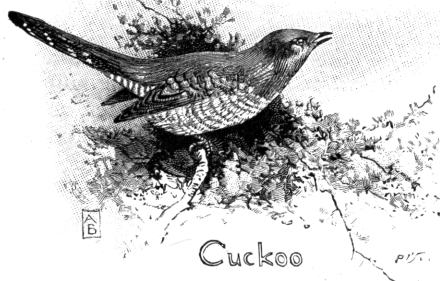
## THE 'CUCKOO.

The peculiar note of the cuckoo is well known, but it is not always recognised that the note changes according to the time of

been compared to the sound made by pouring water out of a narrow-necked bottle. Robert Browning, in one of his poems speaks of

"That one word  
In the minor third  
There is none but the cuckoo knows."

It will be seen, however, from the music here given, that the



year, being at first full and clear, but towards the middle of August becoming hesitating, hoarse, and broken. The voice of a female cuckoo is quite distinct from the well-known note of the male, and has

cuckoo's "one word" is not a minor third, but a major fourth.

## THE THRUSH.

The thrush, or throstle (called by the Scotch, mavis), is distinguished among British singing birds by the clearness and fulness of its note. Its song is exceedingly sweet, and wonderfully varied. Moreover, it begins earlier in the year, and continues later than any other songster, while vying with the nightingale in the lateness of

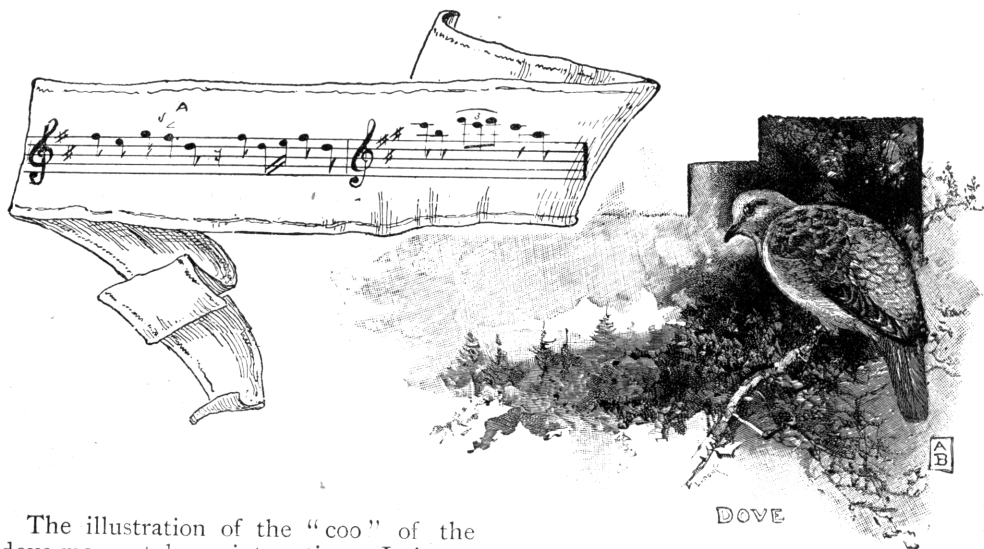
losing its liberty, generally forfeits its originality, being easily influenced by and adopting the notes of other birds, and, what is still more remarkable, their style and attitudes when singing. Thus, a thrush has been seen singing like a robin, and imitating, not only its notes, but its manner of drooping its head and tail.



its daily song. It will be found that there is much more freedom of style, as well as of originality of treatment, in the song of the wild bird than in that of the caged one; yet, in both instances, the purity of tone is, perhaps, the most remarkable feature. The caged thrush, in



## THE DOVE.



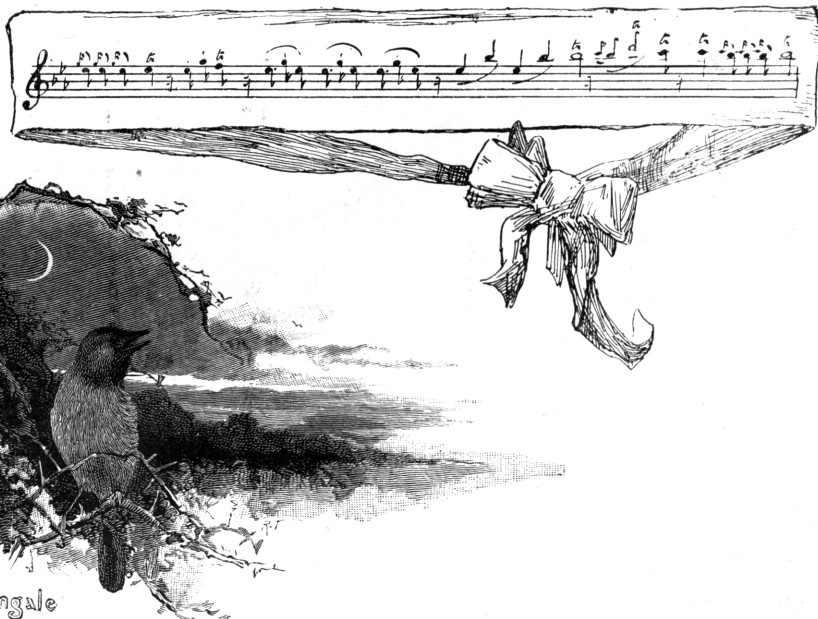
The illustration of the "coo" of the dove may not be uninteresting. It is not at all unmusical, but shows that the word generally used does little justice to the

musical sound. Its laugh—which frightens other birds—is very amusing.

## THE NIGHTINGALE.

The nightingale shares with the lark the honours of poesy. Though sometimes dwelling for minutes on a strain composed of only two or three melancholy tones, beginning with a *mezza voce*, it swells gradually, by a most perfect crescendo, to the highest point

of strength, and ends with a dying cadence. Sometimes a rapid succession of brilliant sounds terminates by detached ascending notes; while, again, as many as twenty-four different strains may be reckoned in one song of a fine nightingale.



## *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.*

### ADVENTURE II.—THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.



HAD called upon my friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, one day in the autumn of last year, and found him in deep conversation with a very stout, florid-faced, elderly gentleman, with fiery red hair. With an apology for my intrusion, I was about to withdraw, when Holmes pulled me abruptly into the room, and closed the door behind me.

"You could not possibly have come at a better time, my dear Watson," he said cordially.

"I was afraid that you were engaged."

"So I am. Very much so."

"Then I can wait in the next room."

"Not at all. This gentleman, Mr. Wilson, has been my partner and helper in many of my most successful cases, and I have no doubt that he will be of the utmost use to me in yours also."

The stout gentleman half rose from his chair, and gave a bob of greeting, with a quick little questioning glance from his small, fat-encircled eyes.

"Try the settee," said Holmes, relapsing into his armchair, and putting his fingertips together, as was his custom when in judicial moods. "I know, my dear Watson, that you share my love of all that is bizarre and outside the conventions and humdrum routine of every-day life. You have shown your relish for it by the enthusiasm which has prompted you to chronicle, and, if you will excuse my saying so, somewhat to embellish so many of my own little adventures."

"Your cases have indeed been of the greatest interest to me," I observed.

"You will remember that I remarked the other day, just before we went into the very simple problem presented by Miss Mary Sutherland, that for strange effects and extraordinary combinations we must go to life itself, which is always far more daring than any effort of the imagination."

"A proposition which I took the liberty of doubting."

"You did, Doctor, but none the less you must come round to my view, for otherwise I shall keep on piling fact upon fact on you, until your reason breaks down under them and acknowledges me to be right. Now, Mr. Jabez Wilson here has been good enough to call upon me this morning, and to begin a narrative which promises to be one of the most singular which I have listened to for some time. You have heard me remark that the strangest and most unique things are very often connected not with



MR. JABEZ WILSON.

the larger but with the smaller crimes, and occasionally, indeed, where there is room for doubt whether any positive crime has been committed. As far as I have heard, it is impossible for me to say whether the present case is an instance of crime or not, but the course of events is certainly among the most singular that I have ever listened to. Perhaps, Mr. Wilson, you would have the great kindness to recommence your narrative. I ask you, not merely because my friend Dr. Watson has not heard the opening part, but also because the peculiar nature of the story makes me anxious to have every possible detail from your lips. As a rule, when I have heard some slight indication of the course of events I am able to guide myself by the thousands of other similar cases which occur to my memory. In the present instance I am forced to admit that the facts are, to the best of my belief, unique."

The portly client puffed out his chest with an appearance of some little pride, and pulled a dirty and wrinkled newspaper from the inside pocket of his greatcoat. As he glanced down the advertisement column, with his head thrust forward, and the paper flattened out upon his knee, I took a good look at the man, and endeavoured after the fashion of my companion to read the indications which might be presented by his dress or appearance.

I did not gain very much, however, by my inspection. Our visitor bore every mark of being an average commonplace British tradesman, obese, pompous, and slow. He wore rather baggy grey shepherd's check trousers, a not overclean black frockcoat, unbuttoned in the front, and a drab waistcoat with a heavy brassy Albert chain, and a square pierced bit of metal dangling down as an ornament. A frayed top hat and a faded brown overcoat with a wrinkled velvet collar lay upon a chair beside him. Altogether, look as I would, there was nothing remarkable about the man save his blazing red head, and the expression of extreme chagrin and discontent upon his features.

Sherlock Holmes' quick eye took in my occupation, and he shook his head with a smile as he noticed my questioning glances. "Beyond the obvious facts that he has at some time done manual labour, that he takes snuff, that he is a Freemason, that he has been in China, and that he has done a considerable amount of writing lately, I can deduce nothing else."

Mr. Jabez Wilson started up in his chair,

with his forefinger upon the paper, but his eyes upon my companion.

"How, in the name of good fortune, did you know all that, Mr. Holmes?" he asked. "How did you know, for example, that I did manual labour. It's as true as gospel, for I began as a ship's carpenter."

"Your hands, my dear sir. Your right hand is quite a size larger than your left. You have worked with it, and the muscles are more developed."

"Well, the snuff, then, and the Freemasonry?"

"I won't insult your intelligence by telling you how I read that, especially as, rather against the strict rules of your order, you use an arc and compass breastpin."

"Ah, of course, I forgot that. But the writing?"

"What else can be indicated by that right cuff so very shiney for five inches, and the left one with the smooth patch near the elbow where you rest it upon the desk."

"Well, but China?"

"The fish which you have tattooed immediately above your right wrist could only have been done in China. I have made a small study of tattoo marks, and have even contributed to the literature of the subject. That trick of staining the fishes' scales of a delicate pink is quite peculiar to China. When, in addition, I see a Chinese coin hanging from your watch-chain, the matter becomes even more simple."

Mr. Jabez Wilson laughed heavily. "Well, I never!" said he. "I thought at first that you had done something clever, but I see that there was nothing in it after all."

"I begin to think, Watson," said Holmes, "that I make a mistake in explaining. 'Omne ignotum pro magnifico,' you know, and my poor little reputation, such as it is, will suffer shipwreck if I am so candid. Can you not find the advertisement, Mr. Wilson?"

"Yes, I have got it now," he answered, with his thick, red finger planted half-way down the column. "Here it is. This is what began it all. You just read it for yourself, sir."

I took the paper from him, and read as follows:—

"TO THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE. On account of the bequest of the late Ezekiah Hopkins, of Lebanon, Penn., U.S.A., there is now another vacancy open which entitles a member of the League to a salary of four pounds a week for purely nominal services.



All red-headed men who are sound in body and mind, and above the age of twenty-one years, are eligible. Apply in person on Monday, at eleven o'clock, to Duncan Ross, at the offices of the League, 7, Pope's-court, Fleet-street."

"What on earth does this mean?" I ejaculated, after I had twice read over the extraordinary announcement.



"WHAT ON EARTH DOES THIS MEAN?"

Holmes chuckled, and wriggled in his chair, as was his habit when in high spirits. "It is a little off the beaten track, isn't it?" said he. "And now, Mr. Wilson, off you go at scratch, and tell us all about yourself, your household, and the effect which this advertisement had upon your fortunes. You will first make a note, Doctor, of the paper and the date."

"It is *The Morning Chronicle*, of April 27, 1890. Just two months ago."

"Very good. Now, Mr. Wilson?"

"Well, it is just as I have been telling you, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said Jabez Wilson, mopping his forehead, "I have a small pawnbroker's business at Coburg-square, near the City. It's not a very large affair, and of late years it has not done more than just give me a living. I used to be able to keep two assistants, but now I only keep one; and I would have a job to pay him, but that he is willing to come

for half wages, so as to learn the business."

"What is the name of this obliging youth?" asked Sherlock Holmes.

"His name is Vincent Spaulding, and he's not such a youth either. It's hard to say his age. I should not wish a smarter assistant, Mr. Holmes; and I know very well that he could better himself, and earn twice what I am able to give him. But after all, if he is satisfied, why should I put ideas in his head?"

"Why, indeed? You seem most fortunate in having an *employé* who comes under the full market price. It is not a common experience among employers in this age. I don't know that your assistant is not as remarkable as your advertisement."

"Oh, he has his faults, too," said Mr. Wilson. "Never was such a fellow for photography. Snapping away with a camera when he ought to be improving his mind, and then diving down into the cellar like a rabbit

into its hole to develop his pictures. That is his main fault; but, on the whole, he's a good worker. There's no vice in him."

"He is still with you, I presume?"

"Yes, sir. He and a girl of fourteen, who does a bit of simple cooking, and keeps the place clean—that's all I have in the house, for I am a widower, and never had any family. We live very quietly, sir, the three of us; and we keep a roof over our heads, and pay our debts, if we do nothing more."

"The first thing that put us out was that advertisement. Spaulding, he came down into the office just this day eight weeks with this very paper in his hand, and he says:—

"'I wish to the Lord, Mr. Wilson, that I was a red-headed man.'

"'Why that?' I asks.

"'Why,' says he, 'here's another vacancy on the League of the Red-headed

Men. It's worth quite a little fortune to any man who gets it, and I understand that there are more vacancies than there are men, so that the trustees are at their wits' end what to do with the money. If my hair would only change colour, here's a nice little crib all ready for me to step into.'

"'Why, what is it, then?' I asked. You see, Mr. Holmes, I am a very stay-at-home man, and, as my business came to me instead of my having to go to it, I was often weeks on end without putting my foot over the door-mat. In that way I didn't know much of what was going on outside, and I was always glad of a bit of news.

"'Have you never heard of the League of the Red-headed Men?' he asked, with his eyes open.

"'Never.'

"'Why, I wonder at that, for you are eligible yourself for one of the vacancies.'

"'And what are they worth?' I asked.

"'Oh, merely a couple of hundred a year, but the work is slight, and it need not interfere very much with one's other occupations.'

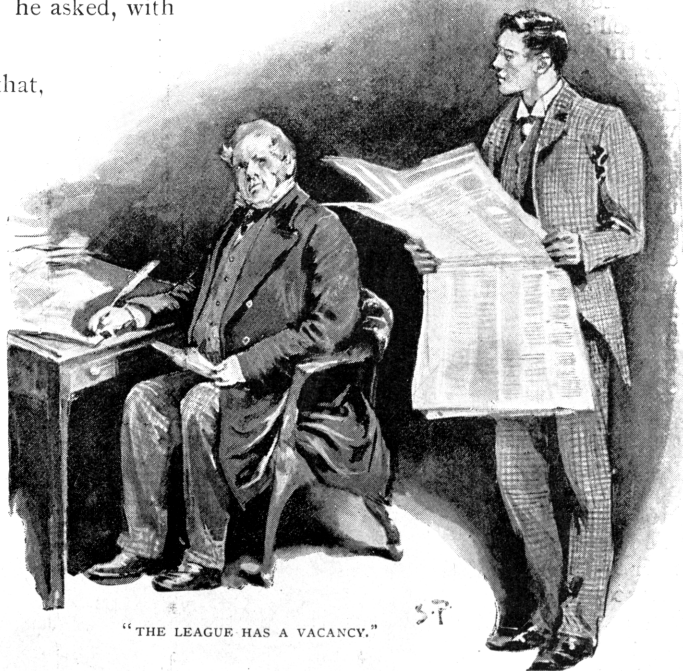
"'Well, you can easily think that that made me prick up my ears, for the business has not been over good for some years, and an extra couple of hundred would have been very handy.

"'Tell me all about it,' said I.

"'Well,' said he, showing me the advertisement, 'you can see for yourself that the League has a vacancy, and there is the address where you should apply for particulars. As far as I can make out, the League was founded by an American millionaire, Ezekiah Hopkins, who was very peculiar in his ways. He was himself red-headed, and he had a great sympathy for all red-headed men; so, when he died, it was found that he had left his enormous fortune in the hands of trustees, with instructions to apply the interest to the providing of easy berths to men whose hair is of that colour. From all I hear it is splendid pay, and very little to do.'

"'But,' said I, 'there would be millions of red-headed men who would apply.'

"'Not so many as you might think,' he answered. 'You see it is really confined to Londoners, and to grown men. This American had started from London when he was young, and he wanted to do the old town a good turn. Then, again, I have heard it is no use your applying if your hair is light red, or dark red, or anything but real, bright, blazing, fiery red. Now, if you cared to apply, Mr. Wilson, you would just walk in; but perhaps it would hardly be worth your while to put yourself out of the



way for the sake of a few hundred pounds."

"Now, it is a fact, gentlemen, as you may see for yourselves, that my hair is of a very full and rich tint, so that it seemed to me that, if there was to be any competition in the matter, I stood as good a chance as any man that I had ever met. Vincent Spaulding seemed to know so much about it that I thought he might prove useful, so I just ordered him to put up the shutters for the day, and to come right away with me. He was very willing to have a holiday, so we shut the business up, and started off for the address that was given us in the advertisement.

"I never hope to see such a sight as that again, Mr. Holmes. From north, south, east, and west every man who had a shade of red in his hair had tramped into the City to answer the advertisement. Fleet-street was choked with red-headed folk, and Pope's-court looked like a coster's orange barrow. I should not have thought there were so many in the whole country as were brought together by that single advertisement. Every shade of colour they were—straw, lemon, orange, brick, Irish-setter, liver, clay; but, as Spaulding said, there were not many who had the real vivid flame-coloured tint. When I saw how many were waiting, I would have given it up in despair; but Spaulding would not hear of it. How he did it I could not imagine, but he pushed and pulled and butted until he got me through the crowd, and right up to the steps which led to the office. There was a double stream upon the stair, some going up in hope, and some coming back dejected; but we wedged in as well as we could, and soon found ourselves in the office."

"Your experience has been a most entertaining one," remarked Holmes, as his client paused and refreshed his memory with a huge pinch of snuff. "Pray continue your very interesting statement."

"There was nothing in the office but a couple of wooden chairs and a deal table, behind which sat a small man, with a head that was even redder than mine. He said a few words to each candidate as he came up, and then he always managed to find some fault in them which would disqualify them. Getting a vacancy did not seem to be such a very easy matter after all. However, when our turn came, the little man was much more favourable to me than to any of the others, and he closed the door as

we entered, so that he might have a private word with us.

"This is Mr. Jabez Wilson," said my assistant, "and he is willing to fill a vacancy in the League."

"And he is admirably suited for it," the other answered. "He has every requirement. I cannot recall when I have seen anything so fine." He took a step backwards, cocked his head on one side, and gazed at my hair until I felt quite bashful. Then suddenly he plunged forward, wrung my hand, and congratulated me warmly on my success.

"It would be injustice to hesitate," said he. "You will, however, I am sure, excuse me for taking an obvious precaution." With that he seized my hair in both his hands, and tugged until I yelled with the pain. "There is water in your eyes," said he, as he released me. "I perceive that all is as it should be. But we have to be careful, for we have twice been deceived by wigs and once by paint. I could tell you tales of cobbler's wax which would disgust you with human nature." He stepped over to the window, and shouted through it at the top of his voice that the vacancy was filled. A groan of disappointment came up from below, and the folk all trooped away in different directions,



"HE CONGRATULATED ME WARMLY."

until there was not a red head to be seen except my own and that of the manager.

"My name," said he, "is Mr. Duncan Ross, and I am myself one of the pensioners upon the fund left by our noble benefactor. Are you a married man, Mr. Wilson? Have you a family?"

"I answered that I had not.

"His face fell immediately.

"Dear me!" he said, gravely, "that is very serious indeed! I am sorry to hear

you say that. The fund was, of course, for the propagation and spread of the red-heads as well as for their maintenance. It is exceedingly unfortunate that you should be a bachelor.'

"My face lengthened at this, Mr. Holmes, for I thought that I was not to have the vacancy after all; but, after thinking it over for a few minutes, he said that it would be all right.

"In the case of another,' said he, 'the objection might be fatal, but we must stretch a point in favour of a man with such a head of hair as yours. When shall you be able to enter upon your new duties?'

"Well, it is a little awkward, for I have a business already,' said I.

"Oh, never mind about that, Mr. Wilson!' said Vincent Spaulding. 'I shall be able to look after that for you.'

"What would be the hours?' I asked.

"Ten to two.'

"Now a pawnbroker's business is mostly done of an evening, Mr. Holmes, especially Thursday and Friday evening, which is just before pay-day; so it would suit me very well to earn a little in the mornings. Besides, I knew that my assistant was a good man, and that he would see to anything that turned up.

"That would suit me very well,' said I. 'And the pay?'

"Is four pounds a week.'

"And the work?'

"Is purely nominal.'

"What do you call purely nominal?'

"Well, you have to be in the office, or at least in the building, the whole time. If you leave, you forfeit your whole position for ever. The will is very clear upon that point. You don't comply with the conditions if you budge from the office during that time.'

"It's only four hours a day, and I should not think of leaving,' said I.

"No excuse will avail,' said Mr. Duncan Ross, 'neither sickness, nor business, nor anything else. There you must stay, or you lose your billet.'

"And the work?'

"Is to copy out the "Encyclopædia Britannica." There is the first volume of it in that press. You must find your own ink, pens, and blotting-paper, but we provide this table and chair. Will you be ready to-morrow?'

"Certainly,' I answered.

"Then, good-bye, Mr. Jabez Wilson,

and let me congratulate you once more on the important position which you have been fortunate enough to gain.' He bowed me out of the room, and I went home with my assistant, hardly knowing what to say or do, I was so pleased at my own good fortune.

"Well, I thought over the matter all day, and by evening I was in low spirits again; for I had quite persuaded myself that the whole affair must be some great hoax or fraud, though what its object might be I could not imagine. It seemed altogether past belief that anyone could make such a will, or that they would pay such a sum for doing anything so simple as copying out the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' Vincent Spaulding did what he could to cheer me up, but by bedtime I had reasoned myself out of the whole thing. However, in the morning I determined to have a look at it anyhow, so I bought a penny bottle of ink, and with a quill pen, and seven sheets of foolscap paper, I started off for Pope's-court.

"Well, to my surprise and delight everything was as right as possible. The table was set out ready for me, and Mr. Duncan Ross was there to see that I got fairly to work. He started me off upon the letter A, and then he left me; but he would drop in from time to time to see that all was right with me. At two o'clock he bade me good-day, complimented me upon the amount that I had written, and locked the door of the office after me.

"This went on day after day, Mr. Holmes, and on Saturday the manager came in and planked down four golden sovereigns for my week's work. It was the same next week, and the same the week after. Every morning I was there at ten, and every afternoon I left at two. By degrees Mr. Duncan Ross took to coming in only once of a morning, and then, after a time, he did not come in at all. Still, of course, I never dared to leave the room for an instant, for I was not sure when he might come, and the billet was such a good one, and suited me so well, that I would not risk the loss of it.

"Eight weeks passed away like this, and I had written about Abbots, and Archery, and Armour, and Architecture, and Attica, and hoped with diligence that I might get on to the Bs before very long. It cost me something in foolscap, and I had pretty nearly filled a shelf with my writings. And then suddenly the whole business came to an end."

"To an end?"

"Yes, sir. And no later than this morning. I went to my work as usual at ten o'clock, but the door was shut and locked, with a little square of cardboard hammered on to the middle of the panel with a tack. Here it is, and you can read for yourself."

He held up a piece of white cardboard, about the size of a sheet of notepaper. It read in this fashion:—

"THE RED-  
HEADED LEAGUE  
IS  
DISSOLVED.  
Oct. 9, 1890."

Sherlock Holmes and I surveyed this curt announcement and the rueful face behind it, until the comical side of the affair so completely overtopped every other consideration that we both burst out into a roar of laughter.

"I cannot see that there is anything very funny," cried our client, flushing up to the roots of his flaming head. "If you can do nothing better than laugh at me, I can go elsewhere."

"No, no," cried Holmes, shoving him back into the chair from which he had half risen. "I really wouldn't miss your case for the world. It is most refreshingly unusual. But there is, if you will excuse my saying so, something just a little funny about it. Pray what steps did you take when you found the card upon the door?"

"I was staggered, sir. I did not know what to do. Then I called at the offices round, but none of them seemed to know anything about it. Finally, I went to the landlord, who is an accountant living on the ground floor, and I asked him if he could tell me what had become of the Red-headed

League. He said that he had never heard of any such body. Then I asked him who Mr. Duncan Ross was. He answered that the name was new to him."

"Well," said I, 'the gentleman at No. 4.'

"What, the red-headed man?"

"Yes."

"Oh," said he, 'his name was William Morris. He was a solicitor, and was using my room as a temporary convenience until his new premises were ready. He moved out yesterday.'

"Where could I find him?"

"Oh, at his new offices. He did tell me the address. Yes, 17, King Edward-street, near St. Paul's."

"I started off, Mr. Holmes, but when I got to that address it was a manufactory of artificial knee-caps, and no one in it had ever

heard of either Mr. William Morris, or Mr. Duncan Ross."

"And what did you do then?" asked Holmes.

"I went home to Saxe-Coburg-square, and I took the advice of my assistant. But he could not help me in any way. He could only say that if I waited I should hear by post. But that was not quite good enough, Mr. Holmes. I did not wish to lose such a place without a struggle, so, as I had heard that you were good enough to give advice to poor folk who were in need of it, I came right away to you."

"And you did very wisely," said Holmes. "Your case is an exceedingly remarkable one, and I shall be happy to look into it. From what you have told me I think that it is possible that graver issues hang from it than might at first sight appear."



"THE DOOR WAS SHUT AND LOCKED."

"Grave enough!" said Mr. Jabez Wilson. "Why, I have lost four pound a week."

"As far as you are personally concerned," remarked Holmes, "I do not see that you have any grievance against this extraordinary league. On the contrary, you are, as I understand, richer by some thirty pounds, to say nothing of the minute knowledge which you have gained on every subject which comes under the letter A. You have lost nothing by them."

"No, sir. But I want to find out about them, and who they are, and what their object was in playing this prank—if it was a prank—upon me. It was a pretty expensive joke for them, for it cost them two and thirty pounds."

"We shall endeavour to clear up these points for you. And, first, one or two questions, Mr. Wilson. This assistant of yours who first called your attention to the advertisement—how long had he been with you?"

"About a month then."

"How did he come?"

"In answer to an advertisement."

"Was he the only applicant?"

"No, I had a dozen."

"Why did you pick him?"

"Because he was handy, and would come cheap."

"At half wages, in fact."

"Yes."

"What is he like, this Vincent Spaulding?"

"Small, stout-built, very quick in his ways, no hair on his face, though he's not short of thirty. Has a white splash of acid upon his forehead."

Holmes sat up in his chair in considerable excitement. "I thought as much," said he. "Have you ever observed that his ears are pierced for earrings?"

"Yes, sir. He told me that a gipsy had done it for him when he was a lad."

"Hum!" said Holmes, sinking back in deep thought. "He is still with you?"

"Oh yes, sir; I have only just left him."

"And has your business been attended to in your absence?"

"Nothing to complain of, sir. There's never very much to do of a morning."

"That will do, Mr. Wilson. I shall be happy to give you an opinion upon the subject in the course of a day or two. To-day is Saturday, and I hope that by Monday we may come to a conclusion."

"Well, Watson," said Holmes, when

our visitor had left us, "what do you make of it all?"

"I make nothing of it," I answered, frankly. "It is a most mysterious business."

"As a rule," said Holmes, "the more bizarre a thing is the less mysterious it proves to be. It is your commonplace, featureless crimes which are really puzzling, just as a commonplace face is the most difficult to identify. But I must be prompt over this matter."

"What are you going to do then?" I asked.

"To smoke," he answered. "It is quite a three pipe problem, and I beg that you won't speak to me for fifty minutes." He curled himself up in his chair, with his thin knees drawn up to his hawk-like nose, and there he sat with his eyes closed and his black clay pipe thrusting out like the bill of some strange bird. I had come to the conclusion that he had dropped asleep, and indeed was nodding myself, when he suddenly sprang out of his chair with the gesture of a man who has made up his mind, and put his pipe down upon the mantelpiece.



"HE CURLED HIMSELF UP IN HIS CHAIR."

"Sarasate plays at the St. James's Hall this afternoon," he remarked. "What do you think, Watson? Could your patients spare you for a few hours?"

"I have no thing to do



to-day. My practice is never very absorbing."

"Then, put on your hat, and come. I am going through the City first, and we can have some lunch on the way. I observe that there is a good deal of German music on the programme, which is rather more to my taste than Italian or French. It is introspective, and I want to introspect. Come along!"

We travelled by the Underground as far as Aldersgate; and a short walk took us to Saxe-Coburg-square, the scene of the singular story which we had listened to in the morning. It was a pokey, little, shabby-genteel place, where four lines of dingy two-storied brick houses looked out into a small railled-in enclosure, where a lawn of weedy grass, and a few clumps of faded laurel bushes made a hard fight against a smoke-laden and uncongenial atmosphere. Three gilt balls and a brown board with "JABEZ WILSON" in white letters, upon a corner house, announced the place where our red-headed client carried on his business. Sherlock Holmes stopped in front of it with his head on one side, and looked it all over, with his eyes shining brightly between puckered lids. Then he walked slowly up the street, and then down again to the corner, still looking keenly at the houses. Finally he returned to the pawnbroker's, and, having thumped vigorously upon the pavement with his stick two or three times, he went up to the door and knocked. It was instantly opened by a bright-looking, clean-shaven young fellow, who asked him to step in.

"Thank you," said Holmes, "I only wished to ask you how you would go from here to the Strand."

"Third right, fourth left," answered the assistant promptly, closing the door.

"Smart fellow, that," observed Holmes as we walked away. "He is, in my judgment, the fourth smartest man in London, and for daring I am not sure that he has not a claim to be third. I have known something of him before."

"Evidently," said I, "Mr. Wilson's assistant counts for a good deal in this mystery of the Red-headed League. I am sure that you inquired your way merely in order that you might see him."

"Not him."

"What then?"

"The knees of his trousers."

"And what did you see?"

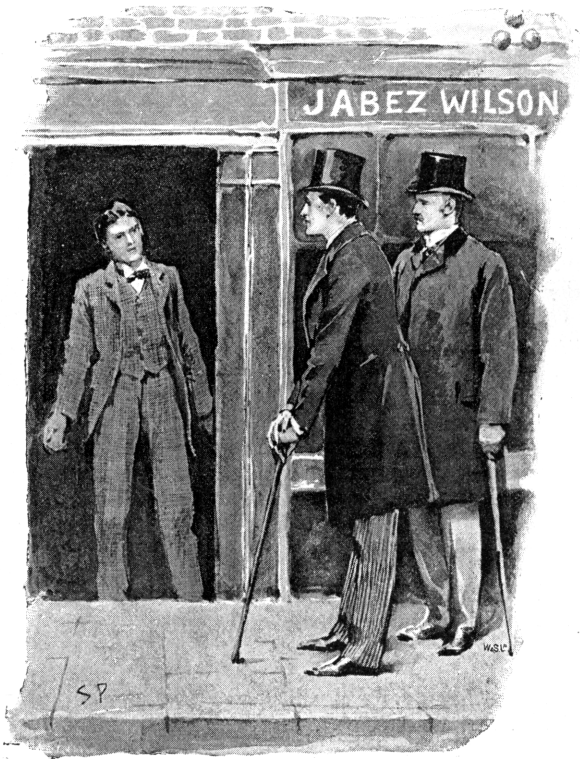
"What I expected to see."

"Why did you beat the pavement?"

"My dear Doctor, this is a time for observation, not for talk. We are spies in an enemy's country. We know something of Saxe-Coburg-square. Let us now explore the parts which lie behind it."

The road in which we found ourselves as we turned round the corner from the retired Saxe-Coburg-square

presented as great a contrast to it as the front of a picture does to the back. It was one of the main arteries which convey the traffic of the City to the north and west. The roadway was blocked with the immense stream of commerce flowing in a double tide inwards and outwards, while the footpaths were black with the hurrying swarm of pedestrians. It was difficult to realise as we looked at the line of fine shops and stately business premises that



"THE DOOR WAS INSTANTLY OPENED."

they really abutted on the other side upon the faded and stagnant square which we had just quitted.

"Let me see," said Holmes, standing at the corner, and glancing along the line, "I should like just to remember the order of the houses here. It is a hobby of mine to have an exact knowledge of London. There is Mortimer's, the tobacconist, the little newspaper shop, the Coburg branch of the City and Suburban Bank, the Vegetarian Restaurant, and McFarlane's carriage-building depôt. That carries us right on to the other block. And now, Doctor, we've done our work, so it's time we had some play. A sandwich, and a cup of coffee, and then off to violin-land, where all is sweetness, and delicacy, and harmony, and there are no red-headed clients to vex us with their conundrums."

My friend was an enthusiastic musician, being himself not only a very capable performer, but a composer of no ordinary merit. All the afternoon he sat in the stalls wrapped in the most perfect happiness, gently waving his long thin fingers in time to the music, while his gently smiling face and his languid dreamy eyes were as unlike those of Holmes the sleuth-hound; Holmes the relentless, keen-witted, ready-handed criminal agent, as it was possible to conceive. In his singular character the dual nature alternately asserted itself, and his extreme exactness and astuteness represented, as I have often thought, the reaction against the poetic and contemplative mood which occasionally predominated in him. The swing of his nature took him from extreme languor to devouring energy; and, as I knew well, he was never so truly formidable as when, for days on end, he had been lounging in his armchair amid his improvisations and his black-letter editions. Then it was that the lust of the chase would

suddenly come upon him, and that his brilliant reasoning power would rise to the level of intuition, until those who were unacquainted with his methods would look askance at him as on a man whose knowledge was not that of other mortals. When I saw him that afternoon so enwrapped in the music at St. James's Hall I felt that an evil time might be coming upon those whom he had set himself to hunt down.

"You want to go home, no doubt, Doctor," he remarked, as we emerged.

"Yes, it would be as well."

"And I have some business to do which will take some hours. This business at Coburg-square is serious."

"Why serious?"

"A considerable crime is in contemplation. I have every reason to believe that we shall be in time to stop it. But to-day being Saturday rather complicates matters. I shall want your help to-night."

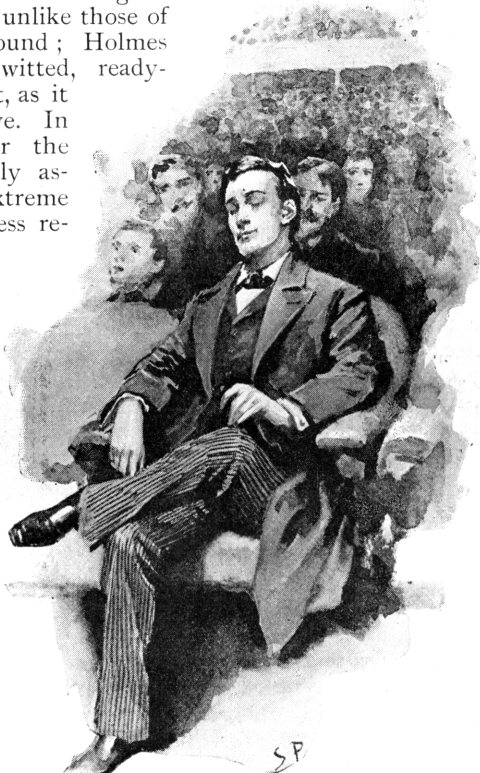
"At what time?"

"Ten will be early enough."

"I shall be at Baker-street at ten."

"Very well. And, I say, Doctor! there may be some little danger, so kindly put your army revolver in your pocket." He waved his hand, and disappeared in an instant among the crowd.

I trust that I am not more dense than my neighbours, but I was always oppressed with a sense of my own stupidity in my dealings with Sherlock Holmes. Here I had heard what he had heard, I had seen what he had seen, and yet from his words it was evident that he saw clearly not only what had happened, but what was about to happen, while to me the whole business was still confused and grotesque. As I drove home to my house in Kensington I thought over it all,



"ALL AFTERNOON HE SAT IN THE STALLS."

from the extraordinary story of the red-headed copier of the "Encyclopædia" down to the visit to Saxe-Coburg-square, and the ominous words with which he had parted from me. What was this nocturnal expedition, and why should I go armed? Where were we going, and what were we to do? I had the hint from Holmes that this smooth-faced pawnbroker's assistant was a formidable man—a man who might play a deep game. I tried to puzzle it out, but gave it up in despair, and set the matter aside until night should bring an explanation.

It was a quarter past nine when I started from home and made my way across the Park, and so through Oxford-street to Baker-street. Two hansoms were standing at the door, and, as I entered the passage, I heard the sound of voices from above. On entering his room, I found Holmes in animated conversation with two men, one of whom I recognised as Peter Jones, the official police agent; while the other was a long, thin, sad-faced man, with a very shiny hat and oppressively respectable frock-coat.

"Ha! our party is complete," said Holmes, buttoning up his pea-jacket, and taking his heavy hunting crop from the rack. "Watson, I think you know Mr. Jones, of Scotland-yard? Let me introduce you to Mr. Merryweather, who is to be our companion in to-night's adventure."

"We're hunting in couples again, Doctor, you see," said Jones, in his consequential way. "Our friend here is a wonderful man for starting a chase. All he wants is an old dog to help him to do the running down."

"I hope a wild goose may not prove to be the end of our chase," observed Mr. Merryweather, gloomily.

"You may place considerable confidence in Mr. Holmes, sir," said the police agent, loftily. "He has his own little methods, which are, if he won't mind my saying so, just a little too theoretical and fantastic, but he has the makings of a detective in him. It is not too much to say that once or twice, as in that business of the Sholto murder and the Agra treasure, he has been more nearly correct than the official force."

"Oh, if you say so, Mr. Jones, it is all right!" said the stranger, with deference. "Still, I confess that I miss my rubber. It is the first Saturday night for seven-and-twenty years that I have not had my rubber."

"I think you will find," said Sherlock Holmes, "that you will play for a higher stake to-night than you have ever done yet, and that the play will be more exciting. For you, Mr. Merryweather, the stake will be some thirty thousand pounds; and for you, Jones, it will be the man upon whom you wish to lay your hands."

"John Clay, the murderer, thief, smasher and forger. He's a young man, Mr. Merryweather, but he is at the head of his profession, and I would rather have my bracelets on him than on any criminal in London. He's a remarkable man, is young John Clay. His grandfather was a Royal Duke, and he himself has been to Eton and Oxford. His brain is as cunning as his fingers, and though we meet signs of him at every turn, we never know where to find the man himself. He'll crack a crib in Scotland one week, and be raising money to build an orphanage in Cornwall the next. I've been on his track for years, and have never set eyes on him yet."

"I hope that I may have the pleasure of introducing you to-night. I've had one or two little turns also with Mr. John Clay, and I agree with you that he is at the head of his profession. It is past ten, however, and quite time that we started. If you two will take the first hansom, Watson and I will follow in the second."

Sherlock Holmes was not very communicative during the long drive, and lay back in the cab humming the tunes which he had heard in the afternoon. We rattled through an endless labyrinth of gas-lit streets until we emerged into Farringdon-street.

"We are close there now," my friend remarked. "This fellow Merryweather is a bank director and personally interested in the matter. I thought it as well to have Jones with us also. He is not a bad fellow, though an absolute imbecile in his profession. He has one positive virtue. He is as brave as a bulldog, and as tenacious as a lobster if he gets his claws upon anyone. Here we are, and they are waiting for us."

We had reached the same crowded thoroughfare in which we had found ourselves in the morning. Our cabs were dismissed, and, following the guidance of Mr. Merryweather, we passed down a narrow passage, and through a side door, which he opened for us. Within there was a small corridor, which ended in a very massive iron gate. This also was opened, and led down a flight of winding stone steps, which terminated at

another formidable gate. Mr. Merryweather stopped to light a lantern, and then conducted us down a dark, earth-smelling passage, and so, after opening a third door, into a huge vault or cellar, which was piled all round with crates and massive boxes.

"You are not very vulnerable from above," Holmes remarked, as he held up the lantern, and gazed about him.

"Nor from below," said Mr. Merryweather, striking his stick upon the flags which lined the floor. "Why, dear me, it sounds quite hollow!" he remarked, looking up in surprise.

"I must really ask you to be a little more quiet," said Holmes, severely. "You have already imperilled the whole success of our expedition. Might I beg that you would have the goodness to sit down upon one of those boxes, and not to interfere?"

The solemn Mr.

Merryweather perched himself upon a crate, with a very injured expression upon his face, while Holmes fell upon his knees upon the floor, and, with the lantern and a magnifying lens, began to examine minutely the cracks between the stones. A few seconds sufficed to satisfy him, for he sprang to his feet again, and put his glass in his pocket.

"We have at least an hour before us," he remarked, "for they can hardly take any steps until the good pawnbroker is safely in bed. Then they will not lose a minute, for the sooner they do their work the longer time they will have for their escape. We are at present, Doctor—as no doubt you have divined—in the cellar of the City branch of one of the principal London banks. Mr. Merryweather is the chairman of directors, and he will explain to you that there are reasons why the more daring criminals of London should take a considerable interest in this cellar at present."

"It is our French gold," whispered the director. "We have had several warnings that an attempt might be made upon it."

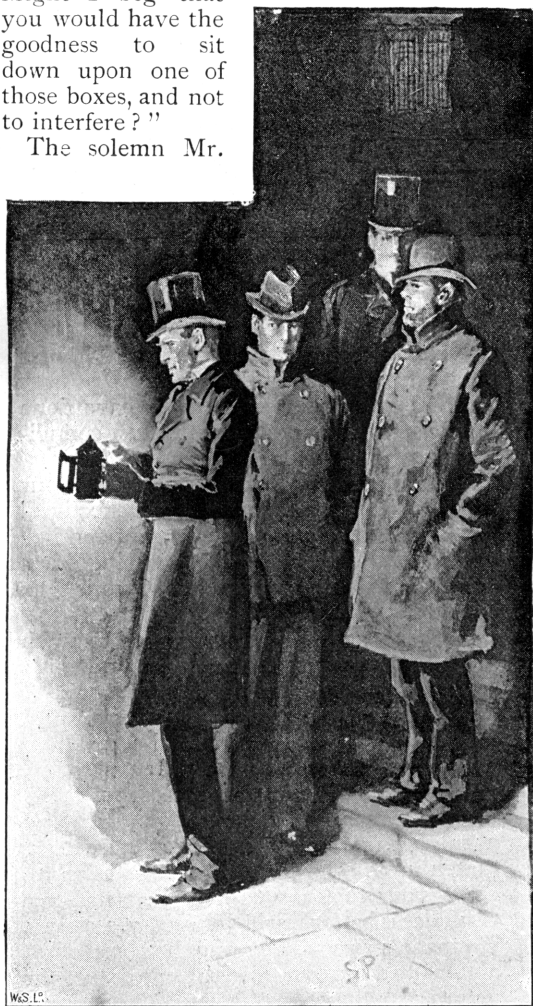
"Your French gold?"

"Yes. We had occasion some months ago to strengthen our resources, and borrowed, for that purpose, thirty thousand napoleons from the Bank of France. It has become known that we have never had occasion to unpack the money, and that it is still lying in our cellar. The crate upon which I sit contains two thousand napoleons packed between layers of lead foil. Our reserve of bullion is much larger at present than is usually kept in a single branch office, and the directors have had misgivings upon the subject."

"Which were very well justified," observed Holmes. "And now it is time that we arranged our little plans. I expect that within an hour matters will come to a head. In the meantime, Mr. Merryweather, we must put the screen over that dark lantern."

"And sit in the dark?"

"I am afraid so. I had brought a pack of cards in my pocket, and I thought that, as we were a *partie carrée*, you might have your rubber after all. But I see that the enemy's preparations have gone so far that we cannot risk the presence of a light.



W.S.P.

"MR. MERRYWEATHER STOPPED TO LIGHT A LANTERN."

And, first of all, we must choose our positions. These are daring men, and, though we shall take them at a disadvantage they may do us some harm, unless we are careful. I shall stand behind this crate, and do you conceal yourselves behind those. Then, when I flash a light upon them, close in swiftly. If they fire, Watson, have no compunction about shooting them down."

I placed my revolver, cocked, upon the top of the wooden case behind which I crouched. Holmes shot the slide across the front of his lantern, and left us in pitch darkness—such an absolute darkness as I have never before experienced. The smell of hot metal remained to assure us that the light was still there, ready to flash out at a moment's notice. To me, with my nerves worked up to a pitch of expectancy, there was something depressing and subduing in the sudden gloom, and in the cold, dank air of the vault.

"They have but one retreat," whispered Holmes. "That is back through the house into Saxe-Coburg-square. I hope that you have done what I asked you, Jones?"

"I have an inspector and two officers waiting at the front door."

"Then we have stopped all the holes. And now we must be silent and wait."

What a time it seemed! From comparing notes afterwards it was but an hour and a quarter, yet it appeared to me that the night must have almost gone, and the dawn be breaking above us. My limbs were weary and stiff, for I feared to change my position, yet my nerves were worked up to the highest pitch of tension, and my hearing was so acute that I could not only hear the gentle breathing of my companions, but I could distinguish the deeper, heavier in-breath of the bulky Jones from the thin sighing note of the bank director. From my position I could look over the case in the direction of the floor. Suddenly my eyes caught the glint of a light.

At first it was but a lurid spark upon the stone pavement. Then it lengthened out until it became a yellow line, and then, without any warning or sound, a gash seemed to open and a hand appeared, a white, almost womanly hand, which felt about in the centre of the little area of light. For a minute or more the hand, with its writhing fingers, protruded out of the floor. Then it was withdrawn as suddenly as it appeared, and all was dark again save the single lurid spark, which marked a chink between the stones.

Its disappearance, however, was but momentary. With a rending, tearing sound, one of the broad, white stones turned over upon its side, and left a square, gaping hole, through which streamed the light of a lantern. Over the edge there peeped a clean-cut, boyish face, which looked keenly about it, and then, with a hand on either side of the aperture, drew itself shoulder high and waist high, until one knee rested upon the edge. In another instant he stood at the side of the hole, and was hauling after him a companion, lithe and small like himself, with a pale face and a shock of very red hair.

"It's all clear," he whispered. "Have you the chisel and the bags. Great Scott! Jump, Archie, jump, and I'll swing for it!"

Sherlock Holmes had sprung out and seized the intruder by the collar. The other dived down the hole, and I heard the sound of rending cloth as Jones clutched at his skirts. The light flashed upon the barrel of a revolver, but Holmes' hunting crop came down on the man's wrist, and the pistol clinked upon the stone floor.

"It's no use, John Clay," said Holmes blandly, "You have no chance at all."

"So I see," the other answered, with the utmost coolness. "I fancy that my pal is all right, though I see you have got his coat-tails."

"There are three men waiting for him at the door," said Holmes.

"Oh, indeed. You seem to have done the thing very completely. I must compliment you."

"And I you," Holmes answered. "Your red-headed idea was very new and effective."

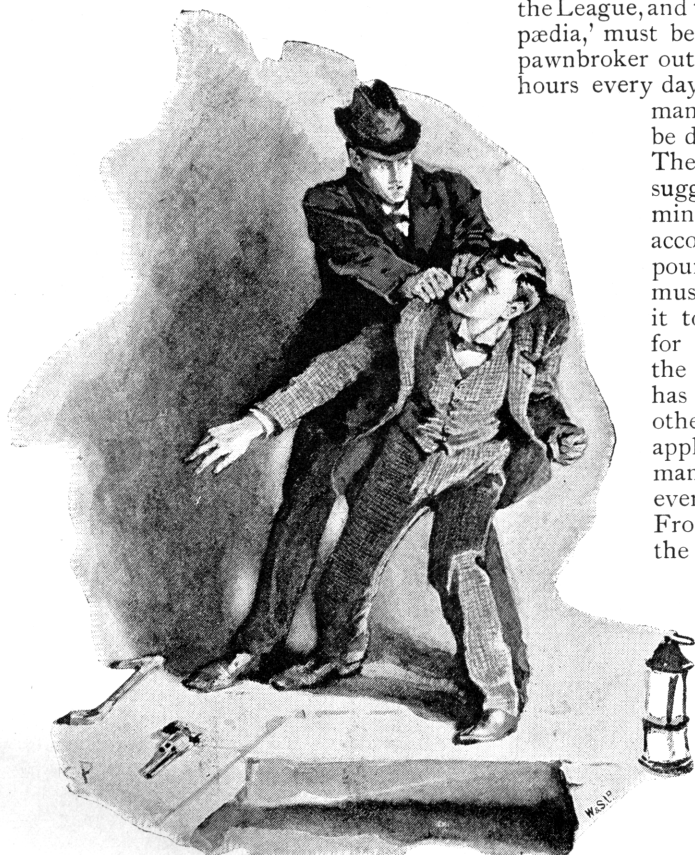
"You'll see your pal again presently," said Jones. "He's quicker at climbing down holes than I am. Just hold out while I fix the derbies."

"I beg that you will not touch me with your filthy hands," remarked our prisoner, as the handcuffs clattered upon his wrists. "You may not be aware that I have royal blood in my veins. Have the goodness also when you address me always to say 'sir' and 'please.'"

"All right," said Jones, with a stare and a snigger. "Well, would you please, sir, march upstairs, where we can get a cab to carry your highness to the police-station."

"That is better," said John Clay, serenely. He made a sweeping bow to the three of us, and walked quietly off in the custody of the detective.

"Really, Mr. Holmes," said Mr. Merry-



"IT'S NO USE, JOHN CLAY."

the League, and the copying of the 'Encyclopædia,' must be to get this not over-bright pawnbroker out of the way for a number of hours every day. It was a curious way of managing it, but really it would be difficult to suggest a better. The method was no doubt suggested to Clay's ingenious mind by the colour of his accomplice's hair. The four pounds a week was a lure which must draw him, and what was it to them, who were playing for thousands? They put in the advertisement, one rogue has the temporary office, the other rogue incites the man to apply for it, and together they manage to secure his absence every morning in the week. From the time that I heard of the assistant having come for half wages, it was obvious to me that he had some strong motive for securing the situation."

"But how could you guess what the motive was?"

"Had there been women in the house, I should have suspected a mere vulgar intrigue. That, however, was out of the question. The man's business was a

weather, as we followed them from the cellar, "I do not know how the bank can thank you or repay you. There is no doubt that you have detected and defeated in the most complete manner one of the most determined attempts at bank robbery that have ever come within my experience."

"I have had one or two little scores of my own to settle with Mr. John Clay," said Holmes, "I have been at some small expense over this matter, which I shall expect the bank to refund, but beyond that I am amply repaid by having had an experience which is in many ways unique, and by hearing the very remarkable narrative of the Red-headed League."

"You see, Watson," he explained, in the early hours of the morning, as we sat over a glass of whisky and soda in Baker-street, "it was perfectly obvious from the first that the only possible object of this rather fantastic business of the advertisement of

small one, and there was nothing in his house which could account for such elaborate preparations, and such an expenditure as they were at. It must then be something out of the house. What could it be? I thought of the assistant's fondness for photography, and his trick of vanishing into the cellar. The cellar! There was the end of this tangled clue. Then I made inquiries as to this mysterious assistant, and found that I had to deal with one of the coolest and most daring criminals in London. He was doing something in the cellar—something which took many hours a day for months on end. What could it be, once more? I could think of nothing save that he was running a tunnel to some other building.

"So far I had got when we went to visit the scene of action. I surprised you by beating upon the pavement with my stick. I was ascertaining whether the cellar stretched out in front or behind. It was



not in front. Then I rang the bell, and, as I hoped, the assistant answered it. We have had some skirmishes, but we had never set eyes upon each other before. I hardly looked at his face. His knees were what I wished to see. You must yourself have remarked how worn, wrinkled, and stained they were. They spoke of those hours of burrowing. The only remaining point was what they were burrowing for. I walked round the corner, saw that the City and Suburban Bank abutted on our friend's premises, and felt that I had solved my problem. When you drove home after the concert I called upon Scotland Yard, and upon the chairman of the bank directors, with the result that you have seen."

"And how could you tell that they would make their attempt to-night?" I asked.

"Well, when they closed their League offices that was a sign that they cared no longer about Mr. Jabez Wilson's presence, in other words, that they had completed

their tunnel. But it was essential that they should use it soon as it might be discovered, or the bullion might be removed. Saturday would suit them better than any other day, as it would give them two days for their escape. For all these reasons I expected them to come to-night."

"You reasoned it out beautifully," I exclaimed in unfeigned admiration. "It is so long a chain, and yet every link rings true."

"It saved me from ennui," he answered, yawning. "Alas! I already feel it closing in upon me. My life is spent in one long effort to escape from the commonplaces of existence. These little problems help me to do so."

"And you are a benefactor of the race," said I.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, perhaps, after all, it is of some little use," he remarked. "'L'homme c'est rien—l'œuvre c'est tout,' as Gustave Flaubert wrote to Georges Sand."

---

## Up a Shot Tower.



THE writer of this paper, in the pursuit of his profession, has probably sunk lower and attained to greater heights than the majority of his *confrères*. Some months ago he required material for an article on antimony, a metal used for the hardening of shot and shell. He went to Cornwall, where an antimony mine exists, and plunged seventy or eighty feet into the bowels of the earth. It was a unique experience, and ten minutes in that dark, wet hole, in which the miners were busy, gave one a very vivid and lasting idea of the lives of the men who secure for us the treasures of Nature. In a general way the conditions of shot manufacture are precisely opposite to those of mining. Instead of descending a ladder with an agility calculated to turn a monkey green with envy, one has to ascend a tower by means of steps which even a hardened treadmill might conceivably agree would constitute a fair "turn." Shot—small shot that is, not bullets, the latter being made in moulds—is manufactured at the top of a tower, or in some place where a considerable space exists beneath. A disused mine shaft is just as good as a tower, the indispensable condition being a couple of hundred feet of air through which the shot may fall.

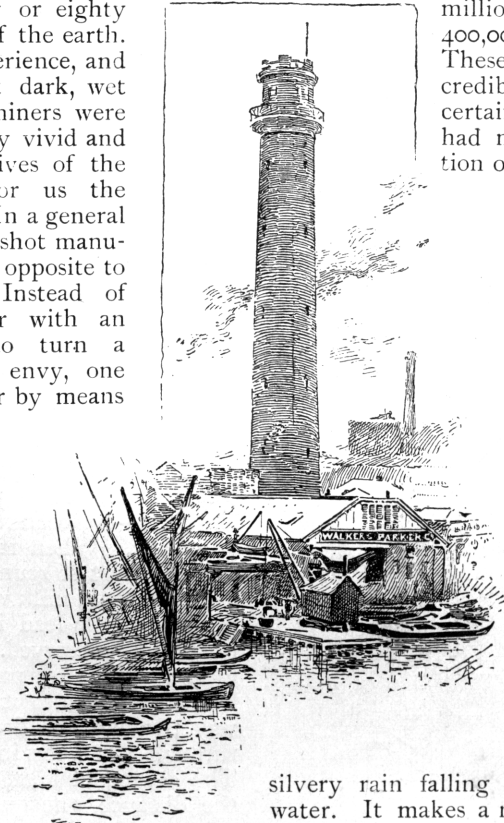
Before we describe the manufacture of shot it will be interesting to examine a 28 lb. bag, such as the majority of our readers have probably seen at some time or other. The bag laid flat is roughly the size of this page; and 28 lbs. far from fill it. If you take the trouble to count the shot, or get at an estimate of the number the bag

contains, you will find that there are from 50,000 to 70,000, the number depending upon the size of the shot. Assuming one knows nothing about the matter, it would naturally seem that the manufacture of so many separate little balls must occupy a terrible time. To mould them would be an interminable process. As a matter of fact shot is produced at a rate varying from, say, 24 millions to 30 millions an hour—from 400,000 to 500,000 a minute. These figures sound incredible, and we should certainly doubt them if we had not made the calculation ourselves.

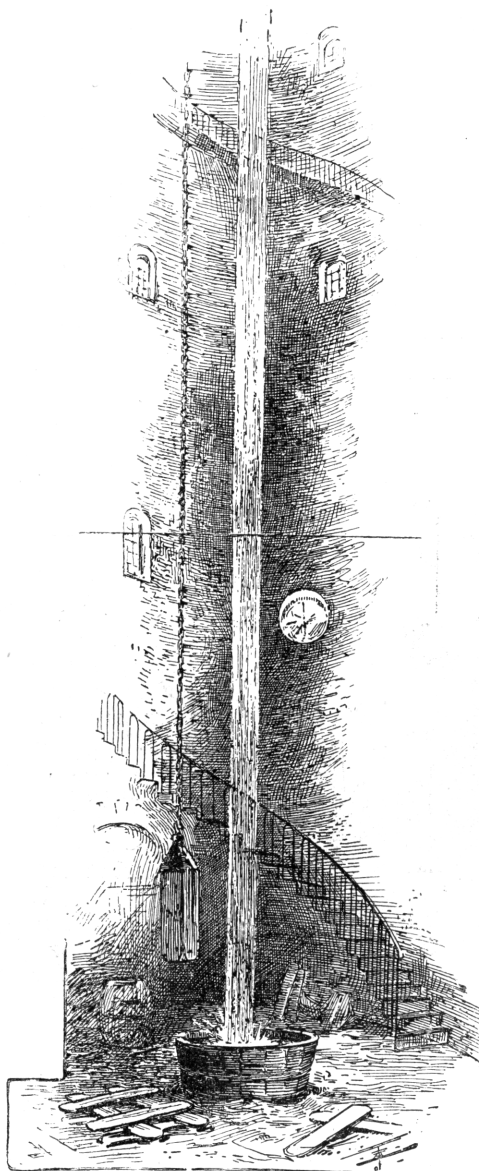
Near the south end of Waterloo Bridge, and within a few yards of the Thames, stands a monster structure known as the Shot Tower. It is a familiar sight, but not even your London cabby, in nine cases out of ten, knows that it is a shot tower. With the permission of the proprietors we will pay it a visit, and see how the shot is produced. Arrived at the base, the first thing we notice is a sharp, incessant shower of

silvery rain falling into a huge tub of water. It makes a noise very like that of an overflowing waste-pipe high up in one's wall. Its source we cannot quite see. A hundred feet above us is a floor or first stage, through an opening in which the shower is passing. Evidently it begins from a much greater height than this even.

The prospect of the climb is not particularly enticing. There are 327 steps, it is a hot day, and the place is necessarily not scrupulously clean. However, duty calls, and provided with a canvas bag to save one's hand and cuff in clutching at the railing or iron banister, we make a



THE SHOT TOWER.



AT THE BOTTOM OF THE TOWER.

start with all the confidence begot of the recollection of schoolday feats. Up, up, up—phew!—it is warm work, and breathing is not so easy after a hundred and fifty steps have been rapidly passed over, as it was at the beginning. All the time we have been running round the building, immediately inside the shell, as it were, and on our left, as we make revolution after revolution, the shower of lead continues, the sun through the various

windows now and again glinting on it and making it look more like summer rain than ever. On the first stage no one is at work, and there is nothing to see except a crucible or boiler, pretty much the shape of that we have seen in the family laundry. So away we go again manfully, with "Excelsior," and the "Pilgrim's Progress," alternately flitting through our minds, until at last the top stage is reached. Though we are some 200 feet above the earth, we are not exactly on the summit of the tower yet, but only in a sort of top story, and some feet above us is the roof on which a flagstaff is erected, apparently in a vain attempt to get at the sky.

The secret of shot-making is ours at last. In the centre of this top stage is a trap door wide open, yawning in a sinister way which warns the new comer to beware. Through the trap door runs a huge chain attached to an elongated box by means of which the pig lead leaning against the walls has been hoisted. A man is standing at a boiler, similar to that seen on the stage below, containing the molten lead. The heat is very great, and as he ladles the liquid metal into a perforated pan or sort of colander in front of him, the perspiration stands out on his brow in big drops, suggestive of the shot itself. To make shot, however, something more is essential than a great height, a colander, and molten lead. The metal before it arrives in pig form—that is, in large bars—has been prepared with antimony or arsenic. When it has been thoroughly heated, a sort of scum forms on it, which if it were from milk would be called cream, but being from lead is called dross. This is carefully preserved. Some of it is placed in the perforated pan before the molten lead is poured into it. The lead makes its way through the dross, and then escapes through the holes in the pan, into space. The degree of heat, the amount of dross, the distance, the quantity of lead are all things which have to be thought of, and which can only be properly regulated by an experienced hand. It looks simple enough to pour the hot lead into the pan, but it is very much simpler to spoil the shot by indifferent knowledge of what is wanted.

Whilst our artist is getting a picture of the man at work, we may take the opportunity of telling our readers what we have been able to discover of the origin of this method of shot-making. The story goes that it was all an accident, just as Isaac

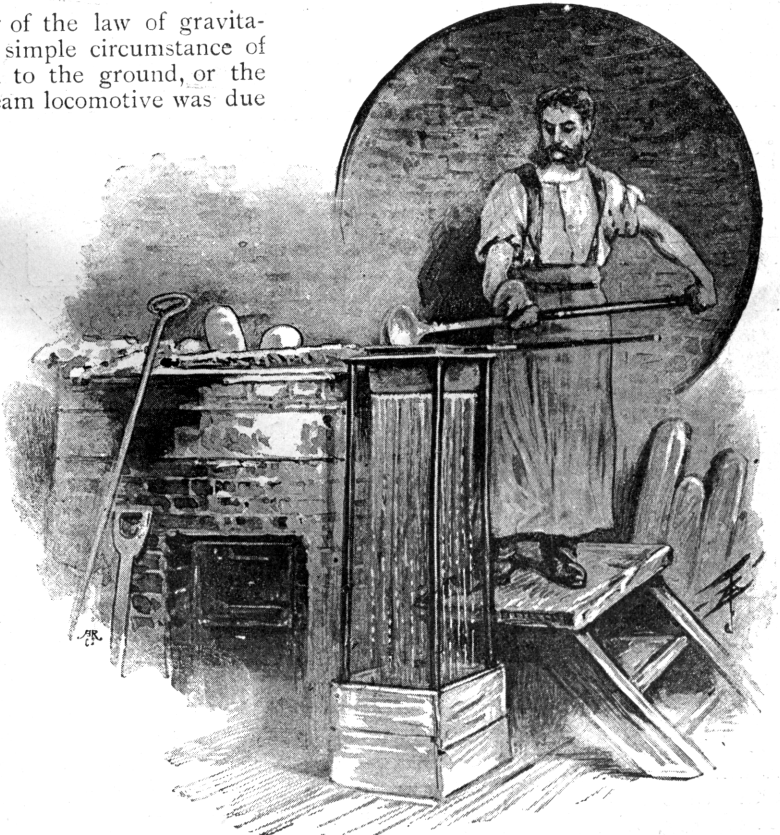


FEEDING THE MELTING POT.

Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation was due to the simple circumstance of seeing an apple fall to the ground, or the discovery of the steam locomotive was due to the throbbing of the kettle on Stephenson's hob. Somewhere in the last century a Bristol mechanic named Watts, who was employed in cutting up strips of lead into small pieces for the purpose of shot, is said to have imbibed a little too freely. He went to bed in a muddled state, and as is, we should imagine, not improbable, dreamt various dreams. Having taken too much strong drink and too little water, he would naturally conjure up visions of

the only ale with which Adam was acquainted. He saw it rain heavily, and as he watched, to his surprise the rain became lead, and the earth was covered with shot. Awaking to his sound senses, Watts is pictured dwelling on his dream until he came to believe there was something in it. He determined to make an experiment, and proceeded forthwith to the tower of St. Mary Redcliff in Bristol. He is said to have proved the correctness of the idea of the dream. Shot could best be made by dropping the lead from a great height. Shrewd man as he was—up to a point—Watts by this discovery made, according to the chronicler, £10,000. Having made a fortune, however, he did not know how to keep it. He determined to build Clifton Crescent, but the excavations, &c., necessary to so grand an enterprise exhausted his money before a single house was commenced. Hence Clifton Crescent, we are told, became known as Watts's Folly.

This is one explanation of the inception of the idea of shot-making as now witnessed.

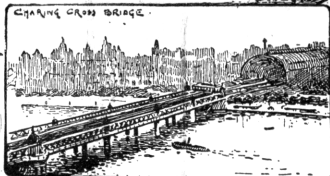


RUNNING THE LEAD

Like many other pretty stories, however, it might not bear too close a scrutiny. We believe the notion of making shot by letting lead fall from a height is older than the date when Watts flourished. In the Watts story, too, we can find no reference to the essential tub of water at the base to cool the pellets. If they fell on to the hard ground before they were cold, they would be bruised and spoilt. At the same time a much more likely story is even more difficult to verify. It is to be found in some curious old book somewhere, no doubt, but so far we have to confess to an inability to trace it. We have the story, however, on the authority of one who has long been interested in shot-making, though he cannot indicate the source of his information. In the old time wars, when one of the historic castles, which many of our readers will explore during their annual outing, was the scene of a last desperate struggle, the besieged trusted for security to the difficulty which the enemy would find in getting across the moat running round the walls. Well, let us for a moment give our imagination free play, as though we would dispute with Sir Walter Scott the right to the premiership in the field of romance. There stands the brave

found at the bottom, and the idea of shot-making is secured. This account, at any rate, gives us the indispensable water into which the metal must fall if it is not to be injured.

However all this may be, here is the man hard at work manufacturing shot in a way which a recent generation certainly did not invent. Having got all we want concerning him, we will go out on to the parapet which runs round the outside of the tower, on a level with this top floor. As we open the door a breath of deliciously fresh wind sweeps in. The height is a giddy one, so giddy, in fact, that some people have positively refused to go outside and walk round the tower. It requires



LONDON FROM THE SHOT TOWER.



old castle—not quite so old in those days as in these; in the fields around are a determined host preparing to storm it; inside its walls are the equally determined defenders, who know by the disposition of the enemy that the crisis is at hand. A little later and the besiegers are actually scaling the walls. They are met and driven back with horrible torture by men armed with boiling lead, which falls, in probably hundreds of separate pieces, into the water hissing and spitting below. Then, in the time to come, when the moat is cleared out, a number of more or less perfect pellets, in a spherical form, are

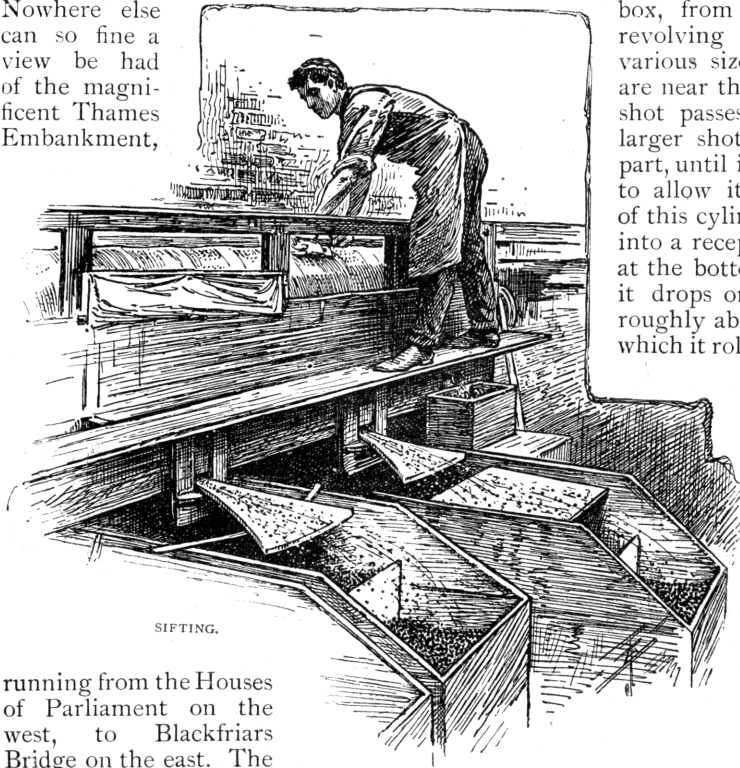
more nerve than one is perhaps prepared to admit, especially when, unaccustomed to

be thus elevated above our fellows as we are, we feel the tower give a distinct lurch, and conjure up visions of being flung like a lacrosse ball, far away across the river

to the embankment on the other side.

On a clear day the sight from the Shot Tower is one of the best in London. But it seldom is really clear in this mighty Babylon of ours, and, though we have made several pilgrimages to its summit, we have never seen more than a mile or so through the smoke-haze that hangs over the capital. Still one gets a panorama of a not inconsiderable portion of London life. Looking away north one of the first things noted in the distance is the *Tit-Bits* sky-sign.

Nowhere else can so fine a view be had of the magnificent Thames Embankment,



SIFTING.

running from the Houses of Parliament on the west, to Blackfriars Bridge on the east. The Thames itself, not here the silvery, but very much the muddy Thames, rushes hurriedly by, bearing on its bosom pleasure steamers and row boats and big barges; some of the latter, by the way, laden with the pig lead which is to find its way up the Shot Tower.

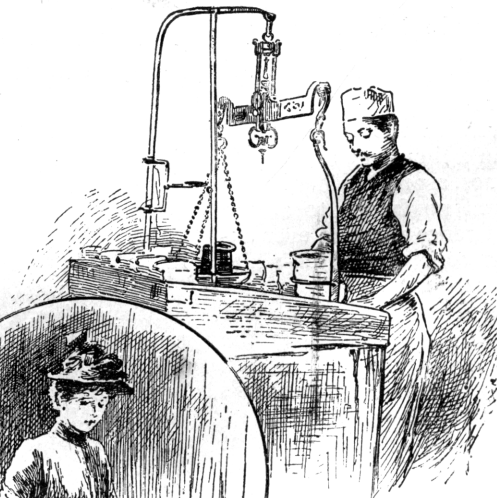
Our visit is nearly complete. Descending the 300 odd steps, an easier and quicker process than the ascent, we devote ourselves for a while to watching the process of finishing off the shot. After removal from the tub, it has to be dried by being laid on a hot slab. Thence it is transferred to a

box, from which it passes to a revolving cylinder with holes of various sizes. The smallest holes are near the box, and the smallest shot passes through them. The larger shot passes on to another part, until it finds holes big enough to allow it to escape. Once out of this cylinder-sifter, the shot falls into a receptacle, with an aperture at the bottom. As it leaves this, it drops on to a piece of wood, roughly about a foot square, down which it rolls into one of two boxes.

If you examine this piece of wood, you will find that it is slightly inclined, the incline giving the shot a momentum just sufficient to carry the imperfect into one box, and the perfect into a second. It is the most ingenious device imaginable. Having been thus assorted, the shot is put into a revolving box containing black-lead. The revolutions

not only serve to thoroughly blacklead the shot, but to wear off any little excrescence, and make them more perfectly round. They have then to be weighed in the 28 lb. bags referred to above.

From the weighing machine they are passed to a table at which a woman sits with needle and thread. Their mouths are sewn up, they are ready for the market, and we have seen practically all there is to be seen of the manufacture of small shot.



WEIGHING.





# The Blue Cat.

A Story for Children  
From the French  
of  
Daniel Dare



Those of the middle class had to content themselves with silver jewellery and with eating out of porcelain dishes ; but, more philosophic than men, they ate with no less appetite. This island was, at that time, truly the paradise of cats : their lives, protected by special laws, had nothing to fear, either from traps or from the river, which, amongst us, makes so many

victims. They increased and multiplied at leisure, and their wishes were carefully respected. So it was that no country had ever cats so beautiful or so numerous.

When the shades of evening closed in, the inhabitants went forth into their streets without lanterns, their path illuminated by thousands of flaming eyes, beaming from the house-tops to the cellar-gratings, sparkling from the shadows of every bush, from the tree-branches above their heads, from the hollows between the stones at their feet, flying, climbing, crossing through space, like a flight of disordered stars.

Then it was a strange concert, a discordant symphony, in which the mewing of all ages and conditions mingled without confounding each other ; at first, a mere confused rumour, which speedily grew into a tumult, filling the shades of night with alarms, augmenting, hissing, growling, to burst into a deafening fracas, in which the affrighted ear might imagine it was listening, in the midst of inhuman roaring, to the agonising cries of a child being put to death.

But, with the coming of day, flames and battling dispersed, order returned, and the mutineers of the night once again became



HERE was, once upon a time, in an island of the East, an incomparable Princess, gifted with all the perfections of heart and mind. Her graces were celebrated a hundred leagues round ; her kingdom was flourishing, her subjects respectful, her ministers capable. She lived in the time of the fairies. More than a thousand suitors, all kings or sons of kings, aspired to her hand ; but the Ailla showed no favour to any of them, the only preference she had ever exhibited having been concentrated on white Velvetpaw, her favourite cat.

Velvetpaw was a charming little playful animal, with large irised eyes, tufts at the ends of its shapely ears, and a coat so soft, silky, and abundant that the Princess's hands disappeared when she caressed it.

In imitation of the sovereign, all the great people in the kingdom possessed at least one favourite cat, which they petted and nursed incessantly. They were seen with jewels in their ears, bracelets on their paws, or with collars inconceivably magnificent ; they slept on down and satin, ate out of golden or silver dishes, and had servants to themselves,

peaceful citizens, resumed the insignia of their dignities, their mild and inoffensive demeanour, and all the airs of honest people incapable of committing the smallest peccadillo.

Ailla was living happily in this way, and all her people with her, when, one fine night, she took it upon herself to dream of a blue cat with topaz-coloured eyes, having upon its neck a collar of diamonds, the most sparkling in the world. Could a poor princess, who has nothing to desire, dream of anything else? So there would have been no great harm done, but for the intervention of an enchanter one hundred and twelve years old, who, twice before, had explained to the Princess dreams which had troubled her sleep.

This magician lived not far from the royal palace, in an old ruined tower haunted by spirits, a place thoroughly fitted, if there ever was one, for carrying on of mysterious operations.

Ailla went there, the very morning after she had had that dream, attended by one slave only; for neither for evil spirits nor women would the magician put himself in the least out of the way. At the first sound of approaching footsteps, the owls, the daws, and the ravens, who inhabited the sinister old tower, took wing with a frightful clatter, and from under the shuddering grass vipers and serpents glided, hissing now softly, now angrily.

At the entrance to a large room, draped with enormous spiders' webs, a great toad croaked three times. Though the sun had been for some time risen, a dim light, like that of the moon, alone entered this awe-

inspiring dwelling, which was almost filled with darkness.

In the obscurest corner of the room sat the magician, or, rather, he lay half buried in an immense wheeled arm-chair, in which he ceaselessly, and with prodigious activity, moved about. He was, besides, so well wrapped up in a red and black robe garnished with bells, and his hat, three feet high, and tipped with the eye of a lynx, was pressed down so tightly on his head, that it was with difficulty that his face, angular and polished as ivory, could be distinguished. Not content with being legless, he was one-eyed, his unique eye, deep-set, glittering like a firefly in a glass case. His beard, white and abundant, descended to the ground, forming on his black robe a snowy cascade.

On every side lay, heaped in strange disorder, objects of odd form: living animals motionless, others, that were stuffed, writhing; on overthrown trunks were seen open books, written in undecipherable characters; in another

place, a vessel filled with bloodstained water, in which floated, like streaming weeds in a dark pool, great locks of human hair decked with tinsel spangles; and when a gust of wind passed through the wide openings from without, the rattling of skeletons hanging from the roof was heard.

On perceiving Ailla, the magician made her a sort of bow; but scarcely had she told him, in trembling tones, what had brought her to his abode, than he uttered a frightful imprecation. After which, having made with his chair three rapid circles about the Princess, he stopped short, and, in a piercing voice, announced to her that, if she wished to avoid terrible misfortunes, she must instantly have search made



THE MAGICIAN.

for the Blue Cat, the presence of which could alone save her from impending disaster.

At these words the screech-owl perched on the master's shoulder, flapped its wings and uttered a dismal cry; a monstrous spider crouching on his knees set up the bristles on its back; all the bells on the magician's robe jangled at once; the lynx eye shot forth a greenish beam; then all became obscured. The Princess fainted, and, without paying any other heed to her the old enchanter had her carried out of the tower by one of his familiar animals.

To tell the truth, the wicked old enchanter had wished to make a strong impression on the Princess's mind, though it is possible that he meditated some other dark project. Everybody knows how deep is the rascality of enchanters. However, it may have been, his cunning did not much profit him; for that same evening while he was preparing a brand-new enchantment his big cauldron burst, and next morning nothing was found in his dwelling but a heap of cinders, in the midst of which were some still smoking bones.

Ailla saw in this death a confirmation of the prophecy, and fainted for the second time.

Now the whole kingdom was turned upside down. By order of the Grand Vizier search was everywhere made, from the floor of the palace to the roof of the highest garret. Notices were published, rewards were offered to whoever should discover, seize, and bring to the Princess the marvellous cat.

It was spring-time, and there was no lack of kittens; the entire army was occupied in examining all the new-born, amongst which were found every known hue of coat; but not one that was blue. Then the open country was minutely explored, the forest, the rocks—vainly.

The Princess visibly declined day by day, trembling unceasingly, and turning from all food.

At length, weary of waiting, Ailla convoked an extraordinary sitting of the Grand Council, and solemnly declared that she would give her hand to whoever should bring her the marvellous cat.

Great was the stir amongst her suitors; never before did so many travellers stream over the surface of the globe! Panting horses crossed and recrossed each other everywhere; the roads in every direction were encumbered with overthrown car-

riages. Ships were seen to sink under the weight of passengers on board of them; while the sky was dotted with balloons ballasted with travellers. The easy explanation of all this voyaging energy is that every one of the Princess's official suitors had published, far and near, promises of rich rewards to whoever should succeed in finding the Blue Cat. The result was that one half the world rushed upon the other half.

A year sped; the Princess had become the merest shadow of her former self. Her temper was sharpened; she saw about her nothing but crime and treason. Horrible phantoms disturbed her sleep; and, on awaking, she confounded the dreams of her brain with the actuality of things. Instinctively she condemned all those of whom she had conceived any doubt. The executioner, hitherto unemployed, demanded an increase of salary; he even spoke of taking an assistant!

In utter despair, all the most learned men in the world were consulted. They came from all countries, and, greeting each other with a thousand civilities, did not fail to exchange a vast number of compliments on their own works, of which they spoke with reverence, while, not having read a line of them, each, on his side, firmly believed that his own works alone were worthy of sincere praise and deep study. These salaamings got through, one banquet and then another was organised for their edification—for there is no talking well save at table—and a thousand subjects were discussed, all wide of the matter which had brought them together.

On that subject, they speedily divided themselves into two camps; one affirmed that the Blue Cat was but a variety of the tiger; the other party, on the contrary, maintained that the tiger is nothing but a completely developed cat. From tigers the discussion passed by insensible degrees, to leopards, to the lion—even to monkeys. In short, at the end of six months, the Prime Minister, wishing to know the result of their labours, found them almost smothered under a mass of reports; their heads alone were yet visible, and all at the moment were profoundly occupied in active researches on the subject of a certain kind of *coleoptera* missing since the time of the Deluge, and which one of them flattered himself he had refound. So hotly were they disputing over this matter, indeed, as hardly to be conscious of the purpose

which had brought them together. Furious at their conduct, the Princess ordered them all to be hanged, which had the effect of making them all of one opinion, this time at least.

Next day an edict was posted on the walls of all the cities in the kingdom, announcing that each day, in alphabetical order, ten citizens, men and women, should be hung, and that the extermination should be continued until the Blue Cat was found and brought to the Princess.

The consternation was extreme. In all directions the streams became swollen with the tears that were shed to such a degree as to threaten an inundation in several parts of the kingdom, and the wind was drowned in the sounds of the cries forced from the despair which such a tyranny excited. The boldest spoke in low tones of revolt

which, in the times of the fairies, was a thing unheard of.

It was then that a young man, well made and of distinguishing bearing, took a violent

resolution.

His name was Brisloün, and he desired to save his country, his fellow citizens, and himself. Possibly he had a wish even beyond all this. With this purpose

he went to the

house of the Prime Minister, who, before being hung next day (his name beginning with an A), was in a very bad temper, and very little disposed to receive visitors. However, a message given by the young man having been conveyed

to him, reawakened in the diplomatist's downcast soul a gleam of hope. He ordered the stranger to be shown in to him.

In two words the young man explained his idea and plan. The idea was a very simple one, which readily accounted for the fact that nobody had before thought of it. The plan was a bold one. It was nothing less than to play the oracle, mystify a queen, and gull a people—who could tell? perhaps to falsify for ever the history of science in regard to the colour of cats! The mere thought of it made the Minister's forehead burst into a cold perspiration.

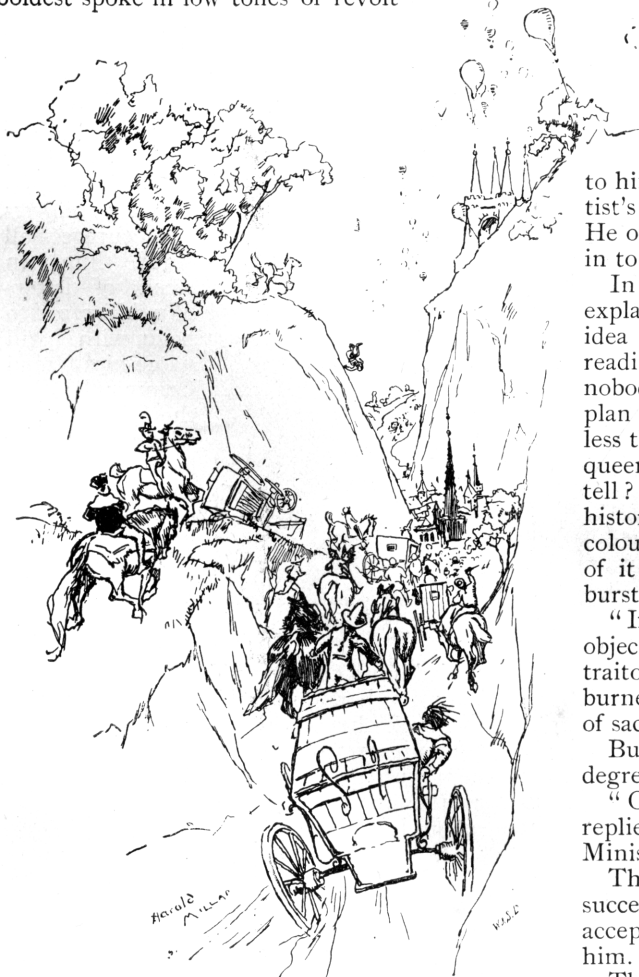
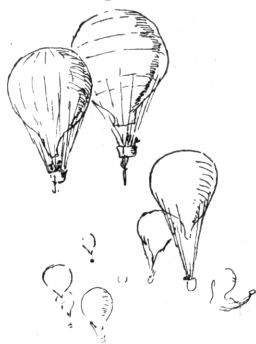
"If the trick is discovered," he objected, "we shall be impaled like traitors, beheaded like forgers, and burned at a slow fire like men guilty of sacrilege."

But Brisloün was not in the least degree weak-minded?

"One can but die once," he replied. In the situation of the Minister he ran but little risk.

These arguments were, in the end, successful, and the young man's plan accepted. Velvetpaw was confided to him.

The night passed feverishly and



"THE SKY WAS DOTTED WITH BALLOONS."

slowly for the unfortunate Minister. At length dawn appeared, shedding its rosy tints upon the long row of gibbets which had been set up.

Exhausted by a terrible nightmare, the Princess hardly closed her eyes. One of her thin hands hung down from the side of her couch; her bosom heaved.

At that moment one of the doors of her chamber was partially opened, and, a moment afterwards, closed again noiselessly. At the same instant a strange sensation awakened the Princess. An enormous weight was stifling her. Feebly she raised

Some hours later, happy, appeased, and already less pale, the Princess went in great pomp to the Council Chamber. Before her, on a cushion of cloth of gold, the azure-coloured cat allowed itself to be devoutly borne. Then the Prime Minister, prostrating himself, and with all the usual ceremonial, presented Brisloün to the Princess, and related to her how, after having discovered the Blue Cat at the bottom of an inaccessible cavern, guarded by frightful monsters, this young man had, at the peril of his life, and after overcoming a thousand difficulties, brought it away.

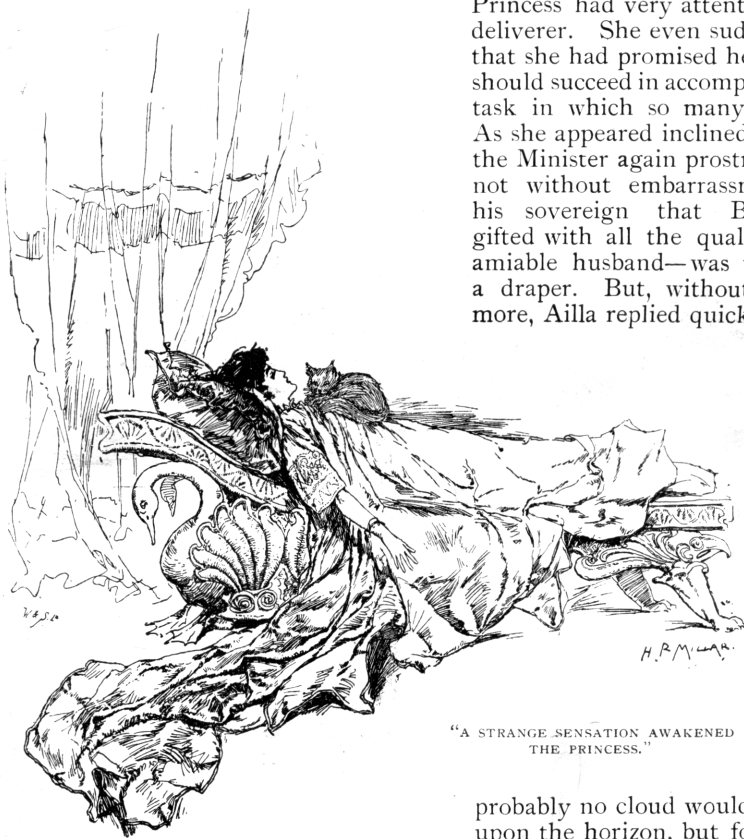
During the delivery of this address the Princess had very attentively regarded her deliverer. She even suddenly remembered that she had promised her hand to whoever should succeed in accomplishing the difficult task in which so many others had failed. As she appeared inclined to keep her word, the Minister again prostrated himself, and, not without embarrassment, observed to his sovereign that Brisloün—otherwise gifted with all the qualities that make an amiable husband—was unfortunately only a draper. But, without pausing to hear more, Ailla replied quickly:—

"His address and courage shall stand him in stead of letters of nobility, and to begin with I will name him Grand Commander of the Blue Cat, of which order the lowest chevalier shall be princes of the blood! The wedding shall take place a week hence!"

Many days sped happily, and

probably no cloud would have shown itself upon the horizon, but for the fancy which overtook the precious Blue Cat to escape from the royal apartments, where it was kept with great ceremony, to scamper for awhile on the roof of the palace. The moon, it was true, was shining that night with peculiar brightness, and it may be imagined that being a cat does not necessarily imply inability to admire the beauties of nature.

In short, imprudent pussy, intoxicated by the air and liberty, pranced about so



"A STRANGE SENSATION AWAKENED THE PRINCESS."

her heavy eyelids, pressed on by the finger of death. Oh, miracle! Curled up upon her breast—soft, supple, graceful, and of an azure the most beautiful imaginable—a cat was admiring her, smiling at her, in its way, with its great limpid golden eyes. Diamonds, big as stars, sparkled amid its silky coat. Ailla had only power to utter a loud scream, to break the cord of her bell, and to faint away once more.

wildly as suddenly to lose her balance, to slip down a gutter which descended perpendicularly into an inner court of the palace, and, finally, to pitch head first into a big basin in which aromatics and essences were in course of soaking. Stunned by the fall and half stifled by the violence of the perfumes, the poor creature struggled some time before being able to extricate itself.

The agitation of the Princess may be conceived when, next day, she beheld this cat on which the security of the kingdom rested enter her chamber shivering, soiled, dazed, with the aspect, in short, of a half-drowned animal. This agitation, however, was as nothing compared with that which followed on her discovering that large patches of white marred the robe of azure obtained at the cost of so many sacrifices.

Presently, alas ! even doubt was no longer possible ; for, by force of rubbing against the bed-curtains to dry itself, Velvetpaw, Oh, perfidious—Velvetpaw herself reappeared, still slightly blue, but nevertheless only too recognisable ! It had been able to save its skin in the accident of the past night, but not its colour, which was not proof against essences.

The anger of the Princess was extreme on learning in this way the trick by which she had been abused. Instantly she wished to avenge herself, but in a terrible, cruel manner ; and she was hesitating on the choice of a punishment, when the Prince entered, handsomely dressed in a cherry-coloured satin robe embroidered with pearls, which admirably set off his gallant bearing.

As soon as she saw him she pointed an accusing finger towards discoloured Velvetpaw, which, with a very crestfallen air, was curled up at the foot of the Princess's bed.

"Torture shall make you repent, miserable impostor !" she cried, trembling with passion, and with flashing eyes.

Brisloun was not in the least alarmed.

"What has made you so angry, madam, and what crime has drawn down upon me such severe reproaches ?" he asked.

"Tricking me !" replied the Princess furiously.

Brisloun was still unmoved.

"You ought, on the contrary, to thank me," he said. "The cat of which you dreamed has no existence ; I made it ; your

life, your beauty, your happiness—I say nothing of that of your whole people—depended on this caprice ; I staked my head on satisfying it." And in a gentle tone he added : "Say, Princess, have you been less happy ?"

"To have played the oracle !" said Ailla, her bosom heaving.

"To have interpreted it, you would say." And, as she suddenly became thoughtful, Brisloun went on : "Your dream, my beautiful Princess, was at once a warning and a lesson. The sorcerer gave you the word, I the sense of it. Happiness, Ailla, is not like the grenades, less red than your lips, which are brought to you on a salver of gold, fresh gathered, perfumed, and perfectly ripe ; the divers elements which compose it are floating freely about in the world ; it is for us to seize upon them and bring them together."

Was it the effect of this address, or a new caprice ? Did the large black eyes of Brisloun influence her who had many times before submitted to their powerful fascination ? No one has ever known ; but the anger of Ailla suddenly disappeared, like the melting of thin snow under the rays of spring. With a slightly pouting smile, she held out to the Prince a hand which he needed no beseeching to carry to his lips.

Velvetpaw, thinking that a good moment for re-entering into the Princess's favour, went and gently rubbed her tiny head against her skirts ; and, thinking of something else, the Princess sat down and caressed her.

Ailla was superstitious, and, moreover, she was a woman. She reflected for a few minutes, then turning with irresistible grace to Brisloun, who was watching her, she said :

"Prince, you have discovered the true meaning of the oracle, and I thank you for doing it. And now I am going to ask a favour of you."

He hastened to protest that he was ready to give his dear Princess all the proofs of love and devotion it should please her to require.

Without speaking she took up Velvetpaw and handed it to him.

"What !" cried Brisloun, laughing, "you want a new one ?"

"I should feel more at ease ; only—" she paused, laughing also ; but presently added in a coquettish tone, "since it makes no



difference to you, dye it rose-colour this time."

The moral of the story is this :—

A white cat is as good as a blue cat. What is most important is, to have a box of colours and to know how to use it on due occasion.

